

## Raising Tubbo

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## Raising Tubbo

by [pyronapp](#)

### Summary

In which Tubbo is raised by the Dream Team, need I say more? Also SBI lives down the street and it ends in chaos!

~

This work is officially complete, I did have more chapters planned but I think its already as great as it can be.

# The Boy in the Dirty Blanket

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It started as a lazy, rainy afternoon, Dream and Sapnap were on the couch, lazily browsing the tv channels. George had gone out to grab groceries, saying he'd be back in an hour.

The two always missed their boyfriend, even if he was just in the other room. Sapnap groaned after another minute of browsing, "I'm boreeeeddd!" He leaned up to Dream, "Kithes?" He spoke with an exaggerated pleading face.

Dream pushed his face down, "No I'm trying to find something to watch." He snorted. Sapnap pouted, he began making kissing noises, moving closer to plant kisses on Dream's cheek and chin.

The taller laughed at that, pushing Sapnap away, "Stop, that tickles!" Sap chuckled mischievously, backing up slightly,,, before pouncing on Dream.

Dream screeched, Sapnap attacking him with kisses. He wheezed, taking Sap's hands and holding them up and away from him, making Sapnap's head lift from where it was buried. "You gremlin." Dream commented.

Sapnap smirked, "But I'm your gremlin! And you love your gremlin." He layed down on the other's chest.

Dream snorted, "Barely-"

"Oi shut up-"

The sound of keys jingling and footsteps filled the air as the two went silent. At first, they were a bit confused, caught up in their banter before they both gasped, scrambling off the couch.

George opened the door gently, bags of groceries in his hands, and a dirty blanket sat in his arms. Dream stopped when he saw George, pulling Sapnap to stop too, noticing the blanket, "What's that?"

George looked down at the blanket then back up at his two lovers, "I... I'll tell you in a few minutes, I have to put away these-"

"We'll do it!" Sapnap exclaimed, taking the bags from George and trying to take a peek at what was in the blankets. George turned away from him, flicking his forehead, "Not yet."

Sapnap pouted, handing Dream a few bags as George left to what he presumed was their room. When he came back the blanket was gone, his arm covered in speckles of dirt and grime.

Dream rolled up his hoodie sleeves, "So George," He started, leaning on the counter, "What was in the blanket?"

George bit his lip, "You guys need to be sitting on the couch..." Sapnap laughed, "Is it really that serious?" A look from Dream made him shut up, quickly walking over to the couch.

When they were all in the living room George sighed nervously, "Okay. Uh, I might have brought something home-" Sapnap groaned, "Is it another cat? We can't turn into cat ladies-"

"It's not another cat." George huffed, "It's um, bigger than that." Dream rose an eyebrow, "Is it a dog?" George shook his head.

"It's um... A child."

Sapnap fell back, "Oh my god- A WHAT?!" George made a shushing motion, "Shh he's asleep! Wake him up and I'll gouge out your fucking eyeballs!"

Sapnap made a zipping motion with his hands over his mouth, indicating he'll stay quiet. Dream sputtered, "George where did you find a child?!"

"I found him under a bench when I was walking back home! He was scared and hungry!" George defended himself.

George walked down the almost barren streets of the town, holding bags of food in his arms from the market. While walking past a bench he heard rustling. He stopped, looking around slightly, "Hello...?"

Another rustle, this time louder and closer. George spotted something covered in a brown blanket moving closer. The blanket shook slightly, the thing under it revealing itself, it was a little boy, no younger than three.

The boy shakily pointed to the bags, George could tell he was hungry. He gently set the bags down, crouching down to the boy's height, "Are you hungry?"

The boy vigorously nodded, indicating that he was, in fact, hungry. George stuck a hand in a bag, pulling out a loaf of bread. He undid the wrapping, handing a slice to the dirty boy.

The toddler quickly ate it, after eating it all he made grabby hands at George. George made a surprised noise at that, carefully picking up the boy and wrapping him in his blanket.

The boy immediately fell asleep in the warm embrace. George covered his face from the sun's rays, picking back up the bags and continuing home.

*'How am I gonna tell Dream and Sapnap?'*

## Chapter End Notes

George: [gives Tubbo food and comforting words]

Tubbo: You're mine now I'm claiming you as my father

# Dirt Smudges and Soap Suds

## Chapter Summary

George gives the boy he found a bath and the boy has the courage to tell them his name.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After about an hour a small boy walked into the hall, his dirty blanket in his hold as he rubbed at his cheeks, dry tear tracks making lines through the dirt.

George looked over from the kitchen, "Hey, you're awake." He walked over, sitting on the floor in front of him, "I took you to my place with my boyfriends, I hope you don't mind."

The boy just stared at George before lifting his arms again, wanting to be held again. George smiled softly, lifting him into his lap, "You're a bit dirty, aren't you? Let's give you a bath."

The boy, as usual, didn't respond, just leaning against George as he stood up, carrying him to the bathroom. Dream watched as George left with the kid, making a face, "He seems already attached to the kid."

"Well yeah, did you see how fast he got attached to Garfield?" Sarnap spoke, referencing their ginger cat, "He fell in love with that cat."

Dream sighed, "Do you think he's gonna wanna keep him?" He questioned, Sarnap nodded, "Oh *definitely*."

"Are we ready for a kid?" He asked a bit quietly. His partner shrugged, "I don't know, we do have a storage room that we could clean out if we actually do keep him."

Dream turned to him, "Are you not at all thinking about this? About how this might not be a good idea?" Again, Sarnap shrugged, "If George wants him then I don't care."

The taller huffed, leaning back, "We don't even know the kid's name, I doubt he does."

"Ooo! Then we could give him one! How about..." He hummed in thought, "Beckerson?" Dream shook his head with a chuckle.

"Maybe he'll tell us." Dream reasoned. Now it was Sarnap's turn to make a face, "Does he even speak?" The other shrugged.

"*Oh fu- oop, frick-* GUYS? DO WE HAVE ANY SMALL CLOTHES?" George called from the bathroom. Dream sighed, "Yeah but they're Patches' clothes!"

"THAT'LL WORK!" The blond stood, going in their room and going into a drawer, pulling out a too big dark green sleeveless sweater. He walked into the bathroom, George had the little boy wrapped up in a towel.

He noticed two things, his hair was auburn and not black, and that that was *his* towel. "George," He began, "Why are you using my towel?"

"Well I just took it out of the wash and mine and Sapnap's weren't in there." He spoke, "Besides, look at this cutie, how could you deny him?"

The boy's face was red from scrubbing off dirt, his blueish grey eyes looking up at Dream with curiosity, wet hair falling in front of them slightly. Dream hummed, "Sure... Uh- Can he talk?"

The boy nodded slightly. He waited a few seconds, "Do you... Wanna talk?" He asked.

He shook his head slightly, George awed, "It's okay, you don't have to talk." Dream shook his head at his boyfriend, he handed him the sweater and George put it on.

The sweater was a bit big, the end of it hanging below his knees, but it was comfortable, he'll wear it for now. George picked him up and carried him out the bathroom and out to the living room, Sapnap sitting on the couch.

"Hey, Gogy." He kissed the other's cheek when he sat down, the boy in his arms looked at Sapnap with intrigue. Dream crossed his arms and leaned on the wall, "What's his name?"

George hummed, "I don't know, do you know your name?" He asked the toddler. He nodded, mumbling something and leaning over to whisper to George.

"Tubbo?" The boy, now known as Tubbo, nodded. Sapnap pulled a face, "Who names their kid 'Tubbo'?"

"Who names their kid 'Sapnap'?" Dream shot back.

"Shut up, Dré."

"Make me, Sippycup-"

"Guys, shut up." George chuckled, Tubbo smiled slightly at their banter. He liked it here.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo @ Dream, George, and Sapnap: Man it's pretty cozy here, imma just [dives head first into their lives]

# Sleepy Mornings

## Chapter Summary

Dream and Tubbo go through their morning routine.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream's eyes blinked open, the sun's rays hitting the corner of his eyes in just the right way to be just enough for him to get up. He's always been a light sleeper, the sun usually waking him up, even if it was cloudy.

He looked up from where he was sat up, George and Sapnap were still asleep next to him. He noticed his door was open, it usually was now, since Tubbo started living with them.

Speaking of Tubbo, he stood in the doorway, hiding behind it slightly as he held his blanket, which was a dark red instead of the brown they all thought it was.

Dream smiled softly, that was usually their early morning routine, Tubbo would wake up before everyone else, scramble to the doorway, and just stare at the three until Dream woke up and gave him something to snack on before George woke up and made breakfast.

He carefully unwove himself from his boyfriends grasps, walking over to Tubbo. The little boy bit his blanket softly, looking up at Dream with pleading eyes, pointing at his stomach. He was hungry.

Dream held his arms out for him, the other backed up slightly before cautiously walking in his arms, letting Dream pick him up. Tubbo was always reluctant when Dream or Sapnap went to pick him up, he'd much rather George to be carrying him, they all noticed.

Dream sat Tubbo at the island in their kitchen, Tubbo's eyes peeking out from over the marble top. Dream hummed, walking over to the fridge and writing on the paper what was hung up on it; *"Things to Get Tubbo"*.

He wrote *"highchair"* under the numerous things on the list before turning to Tubbo, "What do you wanna eat for now before breakfast?" He asked.

The toddler pointed at the fridge, "Pu'ing." He spoke softly. Tubbo would say about one or two words each day, the three adults try to get him to speak more but he seems like he just doesn't want to. If he does speak more than one or two words, it's usually to George and no one else.

"Pudding?" He opened the fridge, taking out a pudding cup for the toddler, handing him it and a plastic spoon. Tubbo nodded as thanks, beginning to eat the pudding.

Dream went into the living room, sitting on the couch and turning on the tv to watch something in the meantime. After a few minutes, Tubbo shuffled into the room, climbing up on the couch next to the other.

The adult expected this, Tubbo usually wanted to be with one of them when he was alone. What he

didn't expect was Tubbo crawling into his lap, leaning on his chest.

Dream's heart faltered, skipping a beat at the sign of trust. Tubbo usually only leaned on George, trusting him the most. He didn't really know what to do, he stiffly laid a hand on the child's back.

*'Whatishappeningishetrustingmewhatdoidoshouldijustlethimstayhere-'*

His thoughts were cut off when Tubbo yawned, pushing against Dream with his cheek. He whined, his eyes closed as he blindly felt around for Dream's hand.

Dream let the boy hold his hand, leaning back on the couch so Tubbo could fully lay on him. Tubbo made a noise of satisfaction, getting what he wanted. The little boy quickly fell asleep on the other's chest, breathing softly.

After a bit Dream felt his own eyes drooping, his eyes closed longer each time they opened again. Soon Dream fell asleep himself, gently holding Tubbo on his chest.

George tiredly walked out into the kitchen around twenty minutes later, taking a look at the list on the fridge. He went to call for Dream before noticing two figures on the couch.

He awed softly when seeing Dream and Tubbo, tiptoeing back to the bedroom to grab his phone, taking a picture of the two. That was definitely becoming his lock screen.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo: If you don't cuddle me right now I will cry and make it uncomfortable for the both of us, green man.

Dream: Welp I guess we're cuddling now

# Mother Dearest and Sister Damned

## Chapter Summary

Dream's mom and Drista come over, and they brought baggage with them.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo's feet patted through the house, playing tag with Sarnap. Tubbo's squeals could be heard from outside, Sarnap's laugh following after it.

Tubbo ran into the kitchen, diving under the table to escape Sarnap's wrath. The chaser gasped, "Where did Tubbo go? I can't find him!" Tubbo giggled softly, covering his mouth to make less noise.

"Is he... In the cabinets?" The sound of the opening of the cabinet filled the air before he closed them again, "No... Is he... Under the sink?" The area under the sink opened before he closed them again, "No..."

"Is he... Under the table?" Tubbo could see Sarnap getting down on his knees. Before Sarnap could fully see Tubbo the doorbell rang, Sarnap stood up, pausing their game, "I'll get it!!"

Tubbo pouted at that, he wanted to play more. He crawled out from under the table, slowly walking towards where Sarnap went.

"Oh hey Mrs. Taken! Hey Drista." Sarnap spoke. Tubbo tilted his head, who was that? He turned to where Sarnap was, the front door was open, Sarnap standing there talking to two people holding shopping bags.

At the sight of new people, Tubbo ran in the other direction, hiding behind Dream's leg who so happened to walk out into the hall with George. "Hey- What's wrong?"

Tubbo pointed to the door, Dream looking at who was there, "Oh, Mom!" He called, walking towards them. Tubbo let go with a look of betrayal, going to hide behind George instead.

"Dream! I thought I'd drop by, I brought some clothes!" She spoke with a smile. Dream's eyebrows furrowed in confusion and suspicion. "Ooo-kay... Uh, come in."

They both walked in, Drista hitting Dream on the back, a mischievous smile on her lips, Dream's eyes furrowed more in suspicion. Tubbo shuffled out of the two's eye of sight, only for George to pick him up. He whined in betrayal, how dare George pick him up when he obviously was hiding?

They all walked into the dining area, Dream's mom setting the bags on the table. "I brought some clothes for the little boy, where is he?" Tubbo stiffed at that, knowing she was talking about him.

To his dismay, George bounced him slightly, "Right here, ma'am." Tubbo whined, wriggling in his hold, he wanted to get down. George was surprised at that, letting him go. He immediately hid behind his legs again.



"Awe," The lady cooed, "He's shy, isn't he?" Dream nodded, looking through the bags. His eyes widened, "Mom, you didn't buy all of these *today*, right?"

His mom inhaled slightly, "Well-" Drista cut her off, "She did. I had to go to the store with her, it was *sooo longgg*." The teen groaned. Dream shook his head, "Well, thanks, Mom."

She smiled, "Anything for my baby!" She leaned up to kiss Dream's cheek, Dream blushing. George and Sapnap snickered at that. She then walked over to George, Tubbo hiding more behind his legs.

She bent down to his height, "Hi, I'm your grandma!" She grinned. Dream went to comment on that but George shushed him, mouthing '*Let her have her moment.*'

Tubbo looked at her slightly, still hiding but peeked over. She chuckled softly, "I got you some clothes, wanna see them?"

The little boy took a few seconds before nodding, moving slightly from behind George. Dream's mom held out her hand for him, he cautiously took it. She guided him to the bag, taking out some clothes and showing them to Tubbo, he smiled at some of them.

When she showed him a creeper onesie he instantly fell in love, making grabby hands at it. "Do you wanna put it on?" She asked him, he nodded.

Dream smiled at them, watching his mother interact with his child. Yeah, that felt right, Tubbo was his child. And he wouldn't have it any other way.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo, in a creeper onesie: Boom!!

Everyone in a five-mile radius: I think my heart just exploded

# Best Friends At First Sight

## Chapter Summary

The four go to the park and meet a strange, loud little boy and his less loud family.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's been a while since Tubbo was first taken in by the trio, he loved it here, really, but he often found himself sitting in front of the window, staring at little kids that would pass his house. He was lonely.

It wasn't that he didn't like being the only child, no, he absolutely loved all the attention he got because he was the only one to give it to. He just... He wanted a friend or two.

The three adults noticed the boy sulking at the window, watching a group of little kids laugh and play across the street. George frowned, "He's been at the window for half an hour..."

"I know... I think he wants someone to play with..." Dream watched as the boy set his chin in his arms, gazing longingly out the window as children across the street squealed and laughed.

"Maybe we should bring him to the park? Let him socialize and make friends?" Sapnap suggested. For a moment they thought of a normal three-year-old, one that wasn't shy around strangers, one that wasn't afraid of his own shadow.

But this was Tubbo, the boy broke down just a few days ago because his blanket dropped in between the couch cushions. They weren't sure how Tubbo would react to other kids, even if he wanted a friend.

"We... We can try." George agreed with Sap. Sapnap smiled, grabbing the older's hand, I'm sure he'll be fine, Gogy." George smiled slightly, still nervous.

Dream stood, "Hey Tubs, can you come with me to get dressed?" Tubbo was currently in his creeper onesie, he usually wore it around the house. Tubbo looked back at Dream, tilting his head, "Why?"

Tubbo seemed to question stuff a lot more, either genuinely curious about stuff or he was just bored. "We're going out somewhere." Dream hummed, holding out his hand for the toddler.

Tubbo walked over, taking the other's hand, "Why?" He asked again. "It's a surprise, Tubs." Dream hummed, walking into Tubbo's room. He opened Tubbo's draws, taking out some clothes. Tubbo was silent for a bit.

"Why?"

Dream sighed, curse children and their curiosity.

All four family members were sat in the car, Dream driving, Sapnap in the front seat, and George in the back with Tubbo. The little boy was dressed in a pastel blue shirt and dark blue overalls, his hair combed and fell over his eyes.

He clicked his white shoes together, looking out the window at the fast-moving buildings and other cars. When they stopped at a stoplight Tubbo could see a few birds pecking at food on the sidewalk, the toddler smiled, lifting a hand to the window and saying a soft "birb" before the car began to move again.

After a bit, they arrived at the park. "Here we are!" Dream smiled, silently grateful that Tubbo didn't question where they were going much. Tubbo looked up at Dream before looking past him through the windshield. His eyes immediately lit up.

There in front of where they parked was a playground, full of swings and slides and seesaws. Tubbo struggled at unbuckling himself, George chuckling before unbuckling it for him. The little boy climbed out of his seat, lifting his arms up at Dream who had opened the back door.

"Eager, are we?" Dream spoke, picking up the child nonetheless. Tubbo didn't pay much attention to him, wiggling when they got to the playground's gate, signaling he wanted to be put down.

Once his feet hit the ground he took off running for the slide. George smiled warmly at the sight, Tubbo, who was usually so quiet and meek in social settings, laughing and filled with excitement.

There was another family there, a boy with blond hair, roughly the same age as Tubbo, with what seemed to be his dad, who also had blond hair, and what they assumed was his brothers, one with curly brown hair and one with dyed pink hair.

Tubbo paid no mind to them, and besides, the boy was too busy bothering his brothers to notice Tubbo. But that only lasted maybe a few minutes.

Tubbo went to climb the ladder to the slide for the fourth time before the energetic blond child ran up to him, "Hello!!" The child nearly screamed.

Tubbo quickly blocked his ears, moving a hand to his lips and hushed out a "shhh!", something he picked up from George when the others were being too loud.

Speaking of George, he went to get up, to save Tubbo from the dread of social interaction when Sapnap stopped him, watching the two children closely.

The loud child seemed to calm down at that, mimicking the movement Tubbo made before standing straight, "Hello!" He spoke, less loud this time, "I'm Tommy!"

Tubbo smiled at the tone, waving at Tommy, not speaking just yet. "Your name?" Tommy asked, pointing at Tubbo.

"Mmm... Tubbo..." He mumbled quietly, pretty shy in the setting. Tommy laughed slightly, "Mmm, Tubbo!! Hi Mmm Tubbo!"

Tubbo giggled, "Jus' Tubbo." He informed the other, Tommy frowned, "Bu' I like Mmm.... Mmmm... Mmm! Like bee!!" Tubbo lit up at the mention of the insect.

"I like bees." Tubbo admitted, Tommy jumped up, "Yay! I call you Bee, hi Bee!!" Tubbo laughed, waving at Tommy after the statement.

The trio sitting on a nearby bench was shocked, Tubbo barely talked that much at home, but he

looked like he knew this kid for months, already making friends so quickly.

"Wow," Sapnap whistled, "At least he's not alone anymore." He spoke, the two next to him dumbly nodded, watching as Tommy pulled Tubbo along to the seesaw.

The two played together for what seemed like hours, babbling in a mix of English and their own language only they seemed to understand.

Dream stood, sighing slightly, *Tubbo's not gonna like this*, "Hey Tubs, I think it's time we headed home." He spoke carefully, but the look the toddler gave him made his heart ache.

Tubbo looked up at Dream, tears pricking the corner of his eyes, "Wh-Wha'?" His lip quivered, Tommy scrambling to hold him, his cheek smushing against Tubbo's, "No!! Bee my friend!!"

Dream heard a sigh, the other blond adult stood, a green cap on his head, "Tommy, Tubbo's gotta go home." Tommy's eyebrows furrowed, shaking his head as he held Tubbo tightly, Tubbo doing the same.

"Nuh-uh, Bee stay wit' me." The toddler didn't seem shaken, going as far as sitting in the dirt with Tubbo, the two just holding each other as their parents tried to get them to separate.

After about seven minutes there was no progress, Tommy and Tubbo were still stuck at the hip. Tommy's father, who is now known as Phil, sighed, "I'm very sorry about him, he's usually not this hellbent on keeping something."

Phil had sat with Dream, George, and Sapnap, the two older teens, Wilbur and Techno, were still trying to unlatch the toddlers from each other. George nodded, "I get it, Tubbo's pretty lonely but I didn't expect him to hold on like that."

Phil furrowed his eyebrows in thought before smiling, "I got an idea. Can I have your numbers?" The trio looked at each other before reluctantly giving Phil their numbers, Phil checking it was them before telling the trio his plan.

Phil walked over to the stubborn toddlers, who were *still* holding each other. "Alright Tommy, if Tubbo's parents and I make an agreement that you can see Tubbo again tomorrow, will you let him leave?"

Tommy thought about this, he looked at Tubbo, Tubbo looking back at him before he looked at his father, "To'orrow?" He asked, Phil nodded, "Yep, tomorrow, but you gotta let him go home."

"Yeah Toms," Wilbur piped in, "If you don't, he can't get ready and then you won't be able to play with him."

Tommy hummed, exaggeratingly so (he picked it up from Techno, the rascal), before nodding, letting Tubbo go, "G'bye Bee." Tubbo whined slightly, "Noo, Tommy..." He gave Tommy one last squeeze, waving him goodbye as the loud boy scurried up to follow his family.

George immediately picked up Tubbo once he let go, the boy whining again that he had to leave his friend, but at the same time, he was very, *very* tired.

In fact, the boy fell asleep once his head hit the soft cushions of his car seat. George chuckled as he buckled him in, climbing back beside it. Dream and Sapnap got in as well, laughing slightly, "Welp," Sapnap started, "That was eventful."

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy: If I can't have Tubbo no one can

Phil: Not again

# Playdates and Sleepovers

## Chapter Summary

It's raining, so Tommy comes over for a playdate. They didn't expect him to stay the night.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was a rainy Tuesday, Tubbo staring out the window at the hard pouring rain, looking for a specific grey car. Since it was raining Tommy and Tubbo couldn't meet up at the park, so Phil suggested a play date at one of their houses.

George offered for them to come over to their house, and ever since they told Tubbo Tommy was coming over his eyes hadn't left the window. When he wasn't looking out the window he was watching the door.

Tubbo was dressed in a button-up shirt with a soft green sweater over it. Sapnap chuckled at the little boy when he walked in, "Hey Tubbo. Waiting for Tommy?" He hummed when Tubbo nodded.

"Gonna have a playdate?" Another nod. "Is he gonna sleep over too?" Sapnap quipped with a snicker. At first, he thought it was funny, he really did. But when he saw the shimmer in Tubbo's eyes he realized his mistake.

"*S'leepova?*" The boy's eyes held stars as he grinned in hope. Sapnap awkwardly rubbed at the back of his neck. "UhM- Hey Tubbo do you want a cookie?" He quickly tried to change the subject.

Thankfully it worked, Tubbo nodding as he snatched Sapnap's hand and tried to pull him to the pantry. Sapnap smiled at that, pulling out a cookie and handing it to the boy, sighing as he narrowly avoided whatever disaster what bound to happen if he answered the younger's question.

Or so he thought he avoided.

Phil and Tommy arrived quite quickly, Phil had informed them that he lived a block away. Once the car pulled up to the driveway Tubbo was already yanking at the doorknob, thankfully not unlocking it. George went over to unlock it for him.

Once it was unlocked a whirl of red and white tackled Tubbo to the ground. Tubbo shrieked in laughter, the boy sitting on top of him laughing just as loudly. Phil carefully pulled Tommy off of Tubbo, saying something along the lines of "Tommy we don't attack our friends".

George's hands twitched in parental concern, it seemed to always do that now. Ever since he found Tubbo he found himself fussing over the little boy if he swayed off balance for a split second. He inwardly sighed, *'I gotta stop doing that.'*

He felt a hand slide into his, he looked up, brown eyes meeting with green pools of softness and

concern. That seemed to ground him, smiling at Dream, squeezing his hand slightly, Dream squeezed back as if it was silent communication.

*'Thank you.'*

*'Any time.'*

Tommy and Tubbo got to their usual shenanigans, which varied from quiet drawing to a pillow war. The boys seemed to greatly enjoy the other's company, their parents noticed. Phil commented about it, striking an iconic wheeze out of Dream.

After about an hour or two Tubbo ran over to the adults, Tommy's hand wrapped around his, "Sappap!! Sappap!!" Tubbo giggled, mispronouncing the name slightly. Sapnap lit up at that, *'He said my name first, I'm totally gonna brag about that.'*

"What's up, kiddo?" Sapnap questioned. Tubbo pulled at Tommy's arm, pointing at Sapnap with a giddy grin. Tommy had a matching grin as he spoke, "Bee say I can s'leepova!"

Sapnap's face seemed to light up in horror and embarrassment, his face the shade of cherries. Dream, seeing this, snickered slightly, "I wonder where he got that from, 'Sappap'?" He spoke, mimicking the word Tubbo had said.

The pride that came with Tubbo saying his name seemed to disappear. *'Fuck.'*

Tommy had, in fact, managed to convince the adults to let him sleep over. Phil drove home, saying he would be back to drop off pajamas and plushies, and coming back tomorrow to pick him back up in the early morning.

Tommy and Tubbo shared Tubbo's room. When it was bedtime, the trio offered to blow up a mattress for Tommy, but the blond boy already made himself at home on Tubbo's bed.

The three adults couldn't hold back a smile when they overheard Tubbo speaking so much, Tommy really got the boy out of his shell. They froze when they heard Tubbo say "Sappap, 'Ogy, an' Dweam!"

They didn't cry, they swore they didn't.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo: I'll talk to Tommy and Tommy only

Dream, George, and Sapnap: I can't believe a three-year-old is stealing our kid

# Nightmares Aren't Nice

## Chapter Summary

Tommy wakes up in the middle of the night to a strange noise.

CW: Crying, Nightmares, Hurt/Comfort

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy woke up to a strange noise, rubbing at his eyes. Where was he? He remembered... getting dressed, going with Phil to the car, singing radio tunes, then- *'Oh yeah, Bee's house.'*

The strange noise seemed to increase slightly, Tommy picked up his head from the pillow he was using. He was on Tubbo's bed, Tubbo was asleep next to him. So what was making the noise?

The blond boy felt something shuffle beside him, he looked over and saw Tubbo was sitting up in his creeper onesie, his head buried in his knees. A snuffle rang in the air, followed by a whine and a hiccup.

Tommy blinked at him before realizing Tubbo wasn't asleep, and the noise was Tubbo crying. Tommy scrambled up in a sitting position, "Bee?" He spoke in a hushed voice.

Tubbo lifted his head in surprise, not noticing Tommy being awake. His eyes were puffy and red, an unpleasant contrast to his blueish grey eyes. Tommy wrinkled his nose, Tommy didn't like seeing Tubbo cry.

The brunette looked at the other toddler before another whine left his throat, lip quivering before he dropped his head back in his knees, breathing more heavily as more hiccups sounded. Tommy tried to comfort him, hugging the little boy.

That apparently didn't help, since Tubbo let out a choked back sob, leaning into Tommy. His words came out in a whisper, *"I w-wan' Pa-Papa."*

Tommy didn't know who Papa was, but he nodded, "I get Papa for you." He vowed, determined to make the boy feel better. He kissed Tubbo's head (something Phil would do when he was upset) and hurried off the bed, in search of Papa.

Tommy pushed the door open, trotting down the hall. When he spotted another door he pushed on it, the door creaking open softly. He peeked inside, seeing a bed with a bundle of people under the blankets.

Tommy tiptoed inside, he climbed up on the bed, discovering that three people laid there. One with raven black hair opened an eye, black eyes looking at Tommy, "What are you doing awake?" Sapnap spoke, his voice slurred with sleepiness.

Tommy shook the bed slightly, waking up Dream and George, "Bee sad. He cryin'." Tommy informed them. They all seemed instantly awake at that, Sapnap was the first up and out the door, Dream and George following him, Dream holding Tommy as they went to the little boy's room.



When Sapnap entered Tubbo looked up at him, whimpering louder, "P-Papa!" He stammered, making grabby hands at him. Sapnap's heart ached at that, he picked up the boy, setting him in his lap. "Shh... it's okay, I'm here. We're here."

George stopped Dream when he saw the display, their fast pace stopping abruptly. Tubbo was curled into Sapnap, who was rocking back and forth as the three-year-old cried into his shirt. They could feel their heart break.

George calmly walked in with Dream following him, matching worry showing on their features. Tommy wiggled in his hold, signaling he wanted to be let go. George sat in front of Sapnap and Dream sat on the bed next to him, Tommy sliding down to the ground before climbing around him to his friend.

"Hey bub, it's okay," Sapnap spoke gently, "We're all here." Tubbo nodded into his chest, hiccuping once more, "*C-Cold, Papa...*" Dream and George's eyes widened at that.

Sapnap didn't pay no mind to it right now, "I know bub, we'll warm you up." Tubbo looked up at him and at his other fathers, they hated seeing Tubbo cry. He was always so small and meek, even smaller and meeker when he cried.

"P'omise...?" He mumbled, barely loud enough to hear. Dream nodded, "We promise. We love you so much, Tubs." Tubbo reached out to Dream, pulling at his sweater sleeve to come closer. Dream scooted over, wrapping his arms around both Sapnap and Tubbo.

George sat on the other side of Sapnap, hugging them as well. For a bit, it was just them. Their perfect family in their perfect home. They felt Tommy wiggle his way under their arms, hugging Tubbo as well, "I love you too, Bee! We best frien's fo'ever!"

They all laughed at that, the blond boy smiled widely. Tubbo yawned slightly, leaning against Sapnap as his eyes slipped shut. The nightmares that had plagued Tubbo's mind disappeared as he slipped into dreamless sleep, comforted by the warmth of his family.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo: [has a nightmare]

Everyone else: **Whoever did this will feel the wrath of a thousand suns.**

# First Days

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo's now four, and he goes to pre-school!

A/N: THANK YOU FOR 10K HITS!! WHOAA!!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Tubbo go grab your shoes, we're gonna head out now!" A voice rang in the halls.

Tubbo scrambled up to get his shoes, pastel blue ones with bees on the side of them. He tried to put them on himself before whining, kicking out his feet and yelling, "BABA MY SHOES!"

George chuckled as he walked in, "You need help, little worker bee?" He asked, Tubbo nodded, kicking his feet up in the air. The now four-year-old was going to pre-school, and he was quite excited to go!

After George put on his shoes, he jumped up, reaching up on his bed to grab his bee plushie, "Can I take Tomo?" He asked, holding the plush with puppy eyes. George went to shake his head but Tubbo's face softened, face contorting into a deeper pout as tears collected at the corner of his eyes.

The adult sighed, "Alright, you can bring Tomo." He spoke in defeat. The child cheered, running out the bedroom door, holding his precious bee plush.

Dream was talking to Sapnap in the kitchen, spinning the car keys on his index finger when Tubbo ran in. "Hey, Tubs! You ready?" He spoke, crouching down to the boy.

The latter nodded, holding out Tomo in an excited manner, "Baba said I can take Tomo!" He grinned wildly.

Dream looked up at George with an amused smile, "Did he now?" George groaned, "He gave me the *puppy eyes*, I couldn't say no, show Dada what you did, worker bee."

Tubbo mimicked the face he made with George, right down to the pools of tears forming in the corners of his eyes. Sapnap whistled, "Oh, he's good."

Dream laughed, "Alright, alright. Let's get to the car." The four-year-old zoomed past the three adults and towards the door, opening it and jumping down the porch steps to the car, the trio following right behind him.

They were dropping Tubbo off at a daycare that did pre-school as well, Phil told them about the place since Tommy was going there since he was two. In the car, Tubbo was ranting about when he saw a flower bloom and saw bees fly over to it.

It's quite funny when you think about it, almost a year ago the boy wouldn't utter more than a few words a day, and now his mouth is a never-ending noisemaker.

When they arrived Tubbo jumped out of his seat, hopping where he stood as he spoke about how excited he was. Sapnap helped him out, holding his hand as they walked in.

Almost immediately there was a problem.

There were *so many people*, around thirty people in one room! He didn't expect there to be so many kids in one area. Tubbo quickly shuffled behind Sap's leg.

A young lady walked over to them, her short haircut an auburn color, "Hello! Welcome to our daycare, come sit over here." She guided them into a less crowded room, one with just a desk and some chairs. Tubbo relaxed at that.

She sat behind the desk, tucking her hair behind an ear. When the four sat down she smiled, holding out a hand, "Hi, I'm Miss Hayley, I'm one of the workers here! I work as a teacher for pre-schoolers."

Tubbo was sat in George's lap, giggling softly at George bouncing his leg, the latter spoke up, "Will you be teaching Tubbo?" Miss Hayley smiled, nodding.

"I will be teaching him, yes. Uhm, just a small question, and forgive me if it's too personal-" The young woman cleared her throat, "Where's his mother?"

George's eyes widened slightly, he looked over to Sapnap and Dream. Dream cleared his throat, "He doesn't have one."

Hayley seemed to take that wrong and gasped softly, "Oh, I'm so sorry-" Dream shook his head, "No I mean- We're his parents, he doesn't have a mom."

She seemed to relax at that, "Oh. Um, alright." She moved her hair behind her ear once more, "Right, you two are his parents." She motioned towards Dream and George, before turning towards Sapnap, "So who are you?"

"His third father," Sapnap answered nonchalantly. She seemed to be confused at that, "Wait- all three of you are...?" The trio nodded in unison.

"But that-" Before she could finish Tubbo piped in, "Yeah.. That's Baba, Dada, and Papa." He pointed to each of them respectively.

Miss Hayley still didn't seem to get it but she let it go, "Okay, um, what's the schedule for Tubbo?"

After talking with Miss Hayley they went back out to the public area, where all the kids were, and Tubbo was back behind one of their legs, hugging his bee plush.

They walked over to the play area before Sapnap (who had Tubbo on his leg) crouched down to Tubbo, "Hey bubs, why don't you go play for a bit?"

Tubbo quickly shook his head, going to cling to Sap, the latter chuckled, "I know it's scary, but look!" He turned around and pointed to a familiar blond boy in a white t-shirt.

Tubbo lit up before running over, "Tommy!!" The boy turned around, beaming at the other, "Tubbo!!" Tommy turned around and picked up a teddy bear, "I got Toob!" Tubbo showed him his bee, "I got Tomo!!"

Sapnap smiled, standing up as he watched the two interact. Dream bumped into him with his elbow, "Come on, smiley."

Sap pushed him, "Oi shut up-" He snorted, a smile on his face as they headed out. Tubbo would be okay.

## Chapter End Notes

Dream, George, and Sapnap: We're all his parents

Miss Hayley: Wait that's illegal

# Talk Over Some Tea

## Chapter Summary

George wonders if he's not good enough and Phil's not having it.

CW: Self-doubt, self-depreciation, swearing (one word)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George tapped away at his laptop, looking up from it occasionally to scan the area. It was a weekday, Tubbo was at school, Sapnap was out for a bit, and Dream was busy doing... something on his computer. George was certain it involved coding.

The male's hand twitched slightly, he didn't like being alone, But everyone was busy, and he didn't want to disturb them. He frowned, looking around at the lack of little footprints made by who knows what, and the bursts of high pitched laughter that comes from the person who made the footprints.

He strained his ears to hear anything, a giggle at least, but all he heard was Dream tapping on his keyboard in the other room. George sighed, leaning back from his keyboard, he missed Tubbo. He missed his son a lot, to the point where his heart ached just thinking about him.

*'Maybe... Maybe I can bring him home early- No, that won't be fair for Tommy.'* He bit his lip, bringing a hand up to bite at his nail. *'Maybe I can just sit with Dream? But I'll be bothering him- Maybe he won't mind? No, he's working on something-'*

He yelped, pulling his finger away from his mouth. He hissed at the very short nail, sensitive skin exposed from where he bit it off. He sighed, setting his hand down. He looked back to his laptop, noticing the screen turned off.

He exhaled slightly, closing the laptop, *'I wasn't paying attention to it anyway.'* He set the laptop aside, tapping his foot slightly before deciding he needed some fresh air.

The brunette fixed his glasses, slipping on shoes, and standing up, grabbing his pair of keys. He walked over to the door before yelling out, "Dream I'm gonna be out for a bit!"

There was a grunt from where Dream was, indicating he heard George. The older walked out, grabbing his sweater from the rack as he left.

The wind blew gently in his ears as he walked along the pavement, the scruff of his shoes and the revving of cars on the road accompanying the sound. He looked around, breathing in the crisp air. *Petrichor.*

The soft blow of the wind died down when he heard a familiar voice across the street, "Hey mate! How's it going?" George looked over, seeing Phil waving from his porch. *'Did I walk that far?'*

George waved back, "Hey Phil. I'm doing alright, how're the kids?" He asked, cringing slightly at the overused phrase.

Phil smiled, "They're doing great! Wil's excelling at History, Techno's glued to his books, and we both know how Tommy's doing, why don't you come over and chat inside?"

George's lip twitched slightly upwards, nodding slightly as he stuck his hands in his pockets as he crossed the street, taking one out again to shake Phil's hand.

Phil guided him inside, sitting him at the kitchen island. "You want some tea?" He asked, already fixing the younger a cup, George still nodded despite this. His leg bounced slightly, he took out his phone, putting it back in his pocket after seeing the time.

It was weird seeing Phil so laid back, he usually only saw the other telling off one of his sons for something. Now looking at the male in front of him, George noticed a lot of things.

Phil swore, a lot more than he originally thought. Phil was currently ranting about a story where one of his coworkers said something "fuckin' bollocks".

As Phil continued, George furrowed his eyebrows in thought. *'Am I clingy? The only reason I'm here is because no one else is free. Am I ungrateful? Surely not, I love my family. Does that make me attention seeking? Should I just leave-'*

"You alright mate?" Phil called, bringing George out of his thoughts. George suddenly remembered Phil was talking to him, he nodded, "Yeah, yeah. I'm fine." He spoke.

Phil shook his head, "I know the *"I'm fine"* card too well. What's wrong?" He sat across from George, sliding over some piping hot tea.

George looked surprised, "How did you-"

"I'm a father of teens, remember? I'm familiar with emotional walls." Phil smiled softly, *comfortingly*, "Is everything alright?"

George looked at Phil, opening his mouth slightly before closing it again, looking down at his steaming tea. He swallowed down nerves, "Am I greedy?" He spoke softly.

"No." Phil answered instantly, "What makes you think you're greedy? From what I've seen, you're very generous."

George tapped his fingers against his cup, "I don't know, I just feel like I've been asking for too much?" He spoke, the sentence sounding more like a question, "I want to spend time with someone but everyone's busy and I feel like I'm ungrateful for coming here instead of waiting until they're finished-"

Phil cut him off, "You're not ungrateful, you just like spending quality time with the people you love. There's nothing wrong with that." He set a hand on the others, "Don't feel bad about coming here, you're always welcome here."

"But you have the kids-"

"Oh please, even I need a break from the gremlins for a bit." Phil laughed, "Don't worry about it."

Before George could comment an alarm rang in the air. Phil made a noise, turning off the alarm as he did, "Time to get Tommy, wanna tag along and grab Tubbo as well?"

He smiled, nodding at the suggestion. The two walked over to the car, climbing in and buckling up. After they were situated, he started the car, driving off.

When they arrived many parents were walking out with their kids, the kids holding some piece of construction paper. George rose an eyebrow when Phil grinned, they both exited the car, entering the building.

Once they entered Tommy immediately spotted them. "Daddy!!" The little boy ran over, his red Elmo backpack jumbling as he ran, a red construction paper in hand.

"Hey, Tomster! Whatcha got there?" Phil crouched to Tommy's height. The boy shoved the paper in his face, "Is'a family tree! Look! It's me, you, Wil, and Techie!"

"That's great!" Phil praised him. George looked around for a head of auburn hair with an oversized green sweater. He bit his lip slightly, standing on his toes to scan the room.

"Baba!!" A familiar voice called.

George turned just in time to catch the little boy with a bee backpack. "Little worker bee!" He responded, laughing slightly, instantly calming down.

Tubbo quickly scrambled out of his arms, much to George's dismay. He pulled out a purple paper, "Look look!! We did family trees today! It's me, you, Dada, and Papa!"

"It looks amazing, Tubbo." He kissed the boy's forehead. Phil waved them over to follow out to the car. The two children ranted about their activities and projects, finishing each other's sentences occasionally.

George smiled, he loved his family.

## Chapter End Notes

George: Am I ungrateful-

Phil: Say that again and I'll shove love down your throat.

**(P.S.; Wilbur is 15 and Techno's 13 :))**

# Bad Vibes at Preschool

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Tubbo get into a bit of trouble, though it's mostly Tommy.

CW: one innuendo at the beginning, mentions of fighting (not graphic)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream smiled softly as Sapnap and George continued to bicker over something small, more precisely who got to get the last cup of hot cocoa. The taller shook his head as the two argued back and forth, but he knew it was only playful.

"George come on, I'm younger therefore I have the high ground-"

"Well, I work harder than you, so."

"That's not FAIR I'm a *COLLEGE STUDENT*-"

"SUCKS TO SUCK DOESN'T IT-"

Suddenly Dream's phone buzzed, the familiar song of "Lonely" indicating he was getting a call. He took out the phone from his pocket, reading the ID name. "*Middleton's Daycare*"

"Guys, shh, Tubbo's school's calling me." Dream spoke, standing up from where he sat. The male could never sit still when making or receiving calls, he'd always have to pace. Sapnap and George's mouths snapped shut at what Dream said.

Dream answered the phone casually, "Ello?" He spoke, the accent something he picked up from George. He walked into the other room away from the noises the other two made.

Sapnap turned to George, "Why'd they call? Tubbo's not supposed to be out until later." He questioned. George shrugged, but Sapnap could see the way he tensed with worry. He took a too still hand in his, feeling it relax and melt into his hold. That was his favorite part about holding George.

"I'm sure everything's fine, no need to act like someone shoved a stick up your ass." Sapnap quipped, George smirked slightly at that.

"Well, you might as well have." The older boy's smile grew as Sapnap squawked flusteredly, laughing as the other shoved him for the innuendo. George kissed him smugly, leaning against the other as he sputtered.

"you're disgusting, George. I can't believe how naughty you are when Tubbo's not here." George lifted his head with an eyebrow raised at that, Sapnap hit him on the head, causing him to burst out laughing as the other shouted words of disgust.

When Dream walked back in the room Sapnap was pouting as George laid quite smugly against



him, despite his pout though he ran a hand through George's hair. Dream chuckled softly, "Seems like you two are getting along." He joked.

George flipped him off, his eyes closed as he leaned against his boyfriend. Dream laughed a bit louder, shaking his head, "Alright, well, Tubbo's school wants us to go over there, they said he and Tommy got into trouble?"

George immediately sat up at that, much to Sapnap's disappointment, "Is he hurt?" The oldest asked.

"Didn't say." Dream spoke, he threw on his sweater before walking towards the door, "Are you guys coming?"

"Of course we are! What the hell-" George got up at record speed, pulling on his shoes in a few seconds. Sapnap just slipped on some slides, grumbling still at how fast George got up from his chest.

When they arrived they weren't too surprised to see a familiar grey car pull up before them. George climbed out of their car, waving to Phil, "Hey Phil, did you get a phone call?"

"Hey mate, I did get one actually." He spoke, "We here for the same thing?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

Sapnap shrugged off his seatbelt, opening his door, "I guess so." He hummed nonchalantly. The four conversed as they entered the building, going straight to one of the back rooms.

Low and behold, Tubbo and Tommy sat in plastic chairs in front of a desk, Miss Hayley sitting behind it. Tommy's arms were crossed angrily, a deep pout on his face while Tubbo was more nervous and timid, both were covered in scratches.

At the sight of the adults Miss Hayley let out a breath of relief, "Hello gentlemen, please take a seat." She recited.

When Tubbo saw his fathers he immediately grew antsy, grumbling softly and shaking his head when George offered to carry him. He chose to ignore the look of confusion and heartache that flashed on his father's face.

Tommy, however, just pouted harder at the sight of his dad, huffing as he jumped back in his chair. Hayley sighed at the two boys, "I think you know why we called you in."

"Not entirely." Dream piped up, a bit annoyed at how they didn't tell them the two children were scraped. The lady hummed, "Well, they managed to get into a brawl with another child, quite out of nowhere-"

"He had it coming," Tommy grumbled. Phil shook his head, "We don't fight people, Tommy."

Tommy looked up at his dad in disbelief, "He made fun of Tomo! And I can't just let him make fun of Tubbo's favorite stuffie so I told him I also had one so it was cool, but then he made fun of Toob too!

So I shoved him and he shoved me back but he was stronger than me and Tubbo was behind me so we both fell and then he kicked me so I pulled his feet and jumped on him, and Tubbo tried to get me off him but then he tried to bite me so I pulled at his hair and then a teacher split us and told me to say sorry which was stupid-"

"Language-"

"So I said no and then we got put here," Tommy spoke, ignoring the comment from their teacher. Phil sighed softly, "I know you wanted to stick up for Tubbo, but you could have told a teacher. They could have helped."

Tommy wrinkled his nose, throwing his hands in the air, "That's- That's *bulllocks!!* They didn't do anything until I pulled his hair!!"

"*Language*, Tommy." Phil's voice was cold. Tommy stared up at him, blowing in his face before crossing his arms again, Phil sighed heavily.

Miss Hayley smiled apologetically, "They're not in too much trouble, but they do have to do some clean up during snack time tomorrow, right now you're all free to leave early."

George nodded, muttering a small thanks as he scooped up Tubbo, the boy curling into him as they walked out. Tommy shouted loudly about how their punishment was unfair and how he hated daycare. Phil wasn't sure if he meant it or not.

While George was buckling in Tubbo the little boy sniffed, "Am I in trouble...?" He muttered softly. Dream turned from the driver's seat, "No. You didn't do anything wrong, Tubs."

"But I got hurt..." The boy sniffed once more, Sapnap leaned from his seat planting a kiss on his forehead, "You still did nothing wrong, none of us are mad at you, I promise."

George nodded, echoing what Sapnap did and also kissed Tubbo's forehead, "We could never be mad at you." Tubbo smiled gently, mumbling a soft "okay" as the car started.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo: [gets bullied]

Tommy: Alright fucker square up-

I didn't know how to end this chapter aaaa I'm sorry :(

# The Adventures Of "Babysitting"

## Chapter Summary

Techno and Wilbur "babysit" Tubbo and Tommy.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Techno loved waking up on a Saturday, everyone was already doing their own things and didn't wake him from his slumber, even if he woke up at 2 p.m. they still let him have his peace. Saturdays insured maximum sleep and energy to waste on video games and watching TV.

Today was not one of those days.

Techno woke up with a start, gasping for air after having it knocked out of him by a certain four-year-old. "Techie wake up!!" The little boy jumped on the older, pulling off his blanket.

The older shivered at the sudden loss of warmth. He sat up and glared at Tommy, though the boy just smiled at him, "Wake u-" Before he could finish Techno shoved him off his bed, taking his blanket back in the process.

"Wake me up when I care." Techno drawled as he pulled the blanket over his head, smirking as he heard the boy huff from the floor.

"Techie you gotta get up!" Tommy whined, climbing back up onto the bed and shaking Techno, the latter tugging the blanket further with a groan.

"Mmmmmwhy?"

"Because Daddy told me to get you!" The little boy stomped, pulling an annoyed face. Techno uncovered his head, staring up at the boy who was currently standing next to his chest.

Tommy whined when he just ducked his head back under, "Tell him I'll be up in a bit." The young teen muttered. He pounced on his older brother, the latter grunting at the weight of the little boy.

"Daaaaad, Tommy won't leave me alone!" Techno yelled, the familiar laugh of their father filled the hall as he walked to the teen's room. When Phil was visible Tommy scrambled off Techno, running over to Phil with open arms and a whimper.

Phil rolled his eyes but picked up Tommy anyway, ("You're getting heavier as the days go on I swear-") he set a hand on his hip and raised an eyebrow at Tommy, "Why were you attacking your brother?"

"'Cause- 'cause- 'cause he didn't get up when I told him to!! And you told me to tell him to!" The boy defended. Techno glared at them both, but Phil knew it was only because he was tired.

"I did tell him to wake you up, Tech. I know it's Saturday but I gotta go somewhere right now." Phil reasoned. Techno scrunched up his nose, "But Wilbur's the oldest, why not tell him to babysit Tommy? It's not like it's not only just him."

Phil scratched at the back of his neck, "Well- That's the thing-"

"Bee's coming over!!" Tommy exclaimed, kicking his feet as Phil set him down, "Now get the hell up!!"

Phil blinked in shock at that, Techno bursting into laughter as Tommy ran out the room, Phil following shouting "Get back here you little monster!"

Techno shuffled lazily down the stairs in a white shirt and pink pajama pants, crowns embroidered into them. He shuffled into the living room, his pig slippers sliding noisily on the hardwood floor. He had a rubber band hanging loosely from his mouth as he gathered up his dyed hair to pull it into a ponytail.

Wilbur looked up from his spot on the couch, looking up from his phone to greet Techno, the latter grunting as a response. "Hey Techno, ready to babysit some gremlins?"

Techno groaned, flopping down next to Wilbur as he finished up his ponytail, "*No*, I could've been sleeping right now, y'know."

The older snorted, "Yeah, I know. But I can't handle them all by myself."

"Have you tried getting good?" Techno rose an eyebrow. Wilbur shoved him with a laugh, the monotone boy cracking a sly smile. After a few moments Techno broke the comfortable silence, "When's Turbo gonna be here?"

"You mean *Tubbo*?" Wilbur snickered, Techno hit his shoulder, "Shut up I'm not good with names." He defended, his face a light shade of pink.

"I don't know when he'll get here." Wilbur ignored the younger's statement, humming as he checked the time, "I'm guessing in like, an hour? I don't know." The teen vaguely shrugged.

"That doesn't clear up anything you asshole."

"Shut up pig boy."

Before Techno could interject, the doorbell rang. The two teens looked over to the door before looking back at each other with an eyebrow raised. A pair of footsteps were heard running through the halls, Tommy ran down the stairs as fast as he could, "I got it!!"

Wilbur shook his head, grabbing the door before Tommy could. The child pouted at him, his red flannel was thrown on messily and his hair was half brushed, it looked like he ran from their father just to answer the door.

That theory was confirmed when Phil descended the staircase, a hairbrush in hand. "Who's at the door, Wil?" He called.

The oldest shrugged, opening it to see. There stood a man with a blue button-up shirt on, a pastel yellow bowtie fitting snug around his collar, a pair of what looked like sunglasses rested on his head. He held hands with a child, Tubbo, Wilbur remembered.

The man gave the teen a nervous smile, "Hey! Sorry I came so early without notice. I think this is the first time we've officially met- I'm George." The man- George stuck out his hand for Wilbur to shake.

Wilbur looked down at it for a bit before taking it, "Wilbur." He hummed. The man came up to his height, maybe even shorter.

Phil peeked over his oldest to get a look at who was at the door, "Oh! Hi mate! I didn't expect you so early, come in-"

When George walked in Tubbo immediately ran off with Tommy. Techno slid further into his seat, avoiding George's gaze as he talked with Phil. The two seemed to have the same job, Phil was also in a button-up, a very light green one and he was in a white tie.

After a few minutes Phil waved goodbye to his sons, Tommy and Tubbo giving both him and George a hug goodbye as they left. Once they did Wilbur sighed, falling next to Techno on the couch, pulling out his phone.

After a few minutes he looked up from his phone, it had gotten quiet. *Too* quiet. "Techno?" The younger looked up with droopy eyes, indicating he was most likely napping, "Where's the kids?"

Suddenly the sound of multiple things falling over in the kitchen sounded, the sound of high pitched laughter filling the air.

The two teens groaned. Whatever that was, they knew it had made a big mess.

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy and Tubbo: [makes a huge mess cause the two weren't watching them]

Wilbur and Techno: Surpised Pikachu

## Not A Chapter / A/N; Wattpad???

### Chapter Summary

I might post this on Wattpad?? Pog??

Hey guys!! I'm sure you saw the title of the chapter- sorry that it's not an actual chapter :(

But!! Wattpad pog?? I might also post this there?? :0?

I go by the same name on Wattpad; **pyronapp**

Hopefully I'll see you there as well!! :D

- Nap <3

(Find the fic [here!](#))

# It's Christmas!

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo wakes up early for Christmas.

This isn't necessarily a canon chapter, but if you interpret it as such that's fine :)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was six am on the dot when Tubbo awoke, the five-year-old tumbled out of bed once his eyes were open, a wide grin plastered on his face. It was Christmas after all!

The little boy sprinted his way to his parents' room, almost knocking the door off its hinges when he pushed it so hard, but that didn't matter. Santa came last night and he didn't want to waste a second more without ripping into colorful paper.

He jumped onto the bed. Dream, who was sleeping in the middle, took most of the impact, sputtering awake in a coughing fit. Though the little boy didn't seem to notice he was struggling to get air into his lungs, since he just continued to bounce directly on his chest.

"Dada!! Up!! Up!! It's Christmas!!!" The brunette chattered excitedly, once Dream finally got enough oxygen he scooped up the squirming boy, waking up Sapnap and George in the process.

Sapnap was pretty annoyed at being woken up so early, Christmas or not, but when he saw how excited his son was he smiled softly. He'd stay up. Just for today.

George slumped sleepily onto Sapnap's shoulder as they walked into the living room, under their Christmas tree was full of bright red and green presents, some blue and yellow wrapped gifts as well.

At the mere sight of all the gifts Tubbo squealed, wiggling himself down and over to the tree, pulling out present after present, looking for his name. Dream watched him with a chuckle, putting presents into piles by name.

Of course, Tubbo's pile was overwhelmingly larger than the three adults combined. The three didn't seem to care.

Once the piles were sorted Tubbo picked up a random present and held it out to Dream, "Whas'it say?!" Dream hummed before gasping, "It's from Tommy!"

Tubbo gasped at that, tearing into it immediately. Inside was a medium-sized rock, it had a heart carved into it that had "BFF" in the middle of it, along with what looked like a bracelet that said the same thing.

The boy immediately slipped the bracelet on, "Whas'it mean?" He asked, looking up at his fathers. "It means 'Best Friends Forever', bubs." Sapnap answered. Tubbo awed at that, "Tha's so cool." The parents chuckled at that.

After they opened presents Tubbo commented on something he noticed, "How come Santa didn't get you any presents?" He tilted his head slightly.

The group of three looked at each other before George spoke up, "We're adults, so he doesn't bother giving us presents so he can save more you little kids like you." He booped Tubbo's nose, Tubbo pouted, "You should get gifts too..."

"We do get gifts!" He quickly cut off the child, "We just get them less often, so they're more special when we do get them." Tubbo still didn't like the idea of his dads not getting anything from Santa, but he nodded anyway, "Okay."

After cleaning up the wrapping paper, the four sat down for breakfast, Tubbo talking fast and energetically about his gifts and how he wanted to surprise Tommy with his gift for him (it was a drawing of them holding hands in a flower field, the trio thought it was adorable).

Sapnap made some gingerbread men the night before, Tubbo swung his legs as he ate it as he waited until he could stuff on his shoes and winter gear so he could go see Tommy and his family.

Once it was time, he did exactly that, hoping to pull up his pants as George helped put his shoes and jacket on. Once they were all ready they left, walking to Phil's house.

Dream and Sapnap were on each side of Tubbo, holding his hands as they swung him gently, the little boy giggling up a storm. George smiled at them, snapping a few pictures as they went.

They made it to Phil's house and was immediately hit with a tiny projectile. Said projectile squeezed Tubbo like there was no tomorrow, the smaller boy squeaking out a laugh.

Phil had to claw Tommy off of Tubbo so they could enter, though, the trio didn't mind. They'd rather have days like this than anything else in the world.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo, writing a letter to Santa: Dear Santa, where the fuck are my dads' gifts you fucker-



# Boys Will Be Bothers

## Chapter Summary

Tommy and Tubbo cause some ruckus after Tommy's sixth birthday.

## Chapter Notes

I GOT [FANART](#)!!! Go follow them on Instagram!! Please!! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy sat next to Tubbo on his couch, Techno sitting on the floor in front of them on his phone, letting the two children play with his hair. It was the day after Tommy's sixth birthday, he and Tubbo were both happy they were the same age again.

Tubbo stuck out his tongue as he weaved a few white and pink flowers into Techno's hair, Tommy trying to follow him but his pattern was sloppier. "How do you get it to look so good?" Tommy grumbled.

Tubbo shrugged, "Papa lets me do it to his hair sometimes. He taught me how."

The younger huffed, grumbling at Tubbo doing something without him, "Well, did you know I'm the champion flower braider? Yeah, I can do an even flower-er braid than you can."

Tubbo giggled, "Sure you can."

"Yeah." Tommy beamed with false pride, he was the champion of flower braiding! Until his flower got tangled in Techno's hair. Tommy yanked at it slightly, Techno grunting at the tug.

"Tubbo how do you unbraid it?" Tommy turned to his best friend, holding up the piece of hair.

Tubbo rose an eyebrow, "I thought you were the champion flower braider?"

Tommy huffed, "I am! I just didn't want to make you feel bad so I got it stuck on purpose. Unbraid it." He demanded.

The older hummed slightly, "Magic word?"

"... Please unbraid it?" The six-year-old mumbled in an embarrassed voice. His brunette friend smiled before leaning over and untangling the flower from the pink locks.

They continued braiding flowers into the teen's hair until Techno yawned, "Alright, that's enough flowers for today." The fifteen-year-old spoke, the children behind him groaning.

"*Techieee* I was almost done!" Tommy complained, crossing his arms with a pout. Techno turned around and ruffled Tommy's hair, much to the younger's disagreement, "I'll let you finish later. I'm going to my room."

Tommy pouted harder as Techno walked off and up the stairs. There was silence for a few seconds before Tubbo smiled, "Wanna go play?"

"Yeah!!" Tommy sprinted off the couch and up the stairs, coming back down with NERF guns that he got from his birthday. He tossed Tubbo one, a mischievous smile on his lips.

"Who's our first target?" Tommy asked, pointing the toy at things around the living room like a secret agent. Tubbo hummed at that, keeping his back against Tommy's as they both moved in sync.

"Wilbur?"

"I like how you think, Big Crime."

*"TOMMY!"*

Tommy burst into laughter as he pulled Tubbo as fast as he could, running from the dreaded angry Wilbur. They had successfully sneaked into his room while he was practicing and pummeled him in NERF darts.

Tubbo smiled brightly, he had gotten the winning shot, shooting Wilbur right in between his eyes before they booked it. He didn't regret a thing, even if they were currently running for their lives.

Before they could get outside both of them ran into a figure that opened the door. Disgruntled, the two looked up at the person, forgetting about the chase for about a second.

Tommy lit up at the blond in front of him, "Dad!!" He clung to the adult, Tubbo doing the same. Phil laughed, "Hi boys, how did the babysitting go?"

"Absolutely horrible." Wilbur groaned, the seventeen-year-old fell onto the couch, "They shot me with a NERF gun, Dad."

Phil looked down at the six-year-olds, both of which were holding the toy guns behind their backs with a cheeky grin. He sighed, chuckling as he closed the front door, "Alright boys, no dessert today then."

"What?!" Tommy groaned, throwing down the toy gun. Tubbo laughed at him, "Ha! I still get dessert cause I don't live here!"

"Nope, I'm calling your fathers and telling them no dessert for you either." Phil hummed, pulling out his phone as he took his sweater and shoes off.

*"What?!"* Tubbo whined, Tommy pointed at him and wheezed, falling to the floor in a fit of laughter. Tubbo stomped softly on his stomach, causing the other to gasp for air.

"Ha-" The brunette was cut off as Tommy swept his ankles from under him, Tubbo falling to the ground. They sat there for a few seconds before bursting into loud barks of laughter.

Phil shook his head fondly, sighing. Boys.

Tubbo and Tommy: [target Wilbur]

Wilbur: So you've chosen... death.

# Smushed Casing

## Chapter Summary

The fam all goes shopping, and Tubbo accidentally gets separated from Dream, George, and Sapnap.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was a Saturday when Tubbo and his family went shopping, Tubbo tagging along as they roamed the grocery store. It was one of Tubbo's first time's shopping, he'd much rather be dropped off at Tommy's house for an hour.

He dragged his feet slightly as George rambled on about something to Sapnap, dragging his feet more and more until Sapnap pulled him up straight again. Tubbo groaned as Sapnap kept his hand in his. "Papa I'm bored!"

"I know you're bored bubs but don't do that, we might lose you." He spoke, Tubbo nodded slowly, huffing. Sapnap held onto his hand until he let go to pick something up and put it in the cart, Tubbo stayed next to Dream, the one pushing the cart.

Tubbo yawned, rubbing at his face as he did. He spotted something in the corner of his eye and turned around. He gasped softly, there on the shelf were cupcakes, the frosting was green and blue, little Minecraft rings sat on top of them.

He walked over to them, forgetting what Sapnap had said earlier. Unfortunately, his fathers didn't notice the absence of their son, too busy talking about which dinner packs they should get.

The child cooed at the cupcakes, seeing one with green frosting and a bee ring. He smiled before picking the cupcakes up, turning around to show his fathers, "Papa-"

No one. He frowned, lowering the package of sweets. Looking around his stomach began to sink, "Dada?" He called softly. When his calls went unanswered his eyes swelled up with tears.

"Baba?" He sniffed, he took a few steps in different directions, looking for three people but always ending up back at the sweets stand where he got the cupcakes.

At this point he was holding the cupcakes up to his chest, hugging them like a stuffed animal. They were no doubt ruined in their case, but Tubbo didn't seem to care at the moment.

A few people passed by him, waving him off as a kid looking for trouble. The more people that passed the more Tubbo had trouble holding in his cries. He sat down on the floor, hiding his head in his arms.

"Hello?"

Tubbo's head snapped up at the sound of the unfamiliar voice. The person who spoke lifted their hands in a non-threatening manner before speaking again, "I'm not gonna hurt you, are you lost? Did you lose your parents?"

The person, who he presumed was male, had dyed green hair, he wore a large dark beige turtleneck and carried a shopping basket full of items.

Tubbo sniffed, nodding. "Do you want me to help you find them?" Another nod. The green-haired man took Tubbo's hand, squeezing it softly before helping him up.

~

George checked the shopping list for the millionth time while bickering with Sapnap about how much stuff they needed. Dream sighed, they were stressed about how much they had to spend and how much they could save.

If all goes well, they could still feed Tubbo all his favorite meals without a problem. Dream tightened his grip on the cart, glaring at George and Sapnap, slightly grateful that Tubbo stopped whining, "I know they're being loud, Tubs, we'll only be a bit longer-"

He turned his head slightly to face the six-year-old but quickly stopped the cart, looking around in confusion. He backed up, looking down the aisle for the child. George huffed, "What are you doing, Dream?"

Dream turned towards them, his face flushed with anxiety. "Where's Tubbo?" George paused, turning slowly towards Dream, "*He's not with you?*"

Dream quickly shook his head. Sapnap dropped all the stuff in his hands in the cart, running down the aisle, not caring about the looks he got, "*TUBBO?*"

George quickly put down his stuff, going the opposite way, calling Tubbo's name as he went. Dream pushed the shopping cart as fast as he could, the wheels scratching against the tiles of the store as he dipped in and out of aisles.

At one point, Sapnap slowed to a walk, breathing heavily, "Tubbo-!" He barely had enough energy to keep screaming. He spotted a man with green hair holding a child's hand. The child looked painfully familiar, they almost looked like-

"Tubbo!" Sapnap called out, the child whipped their head in his direction, familiar blueish grey eyes locking with midnight black ones.

"Papa!!" The little boy let go of the tall man's hand, running into his father's hold, holding on tightly. Sapnap picked him up, quickly taking out his phone and texting his partners that he found their son.

Sapnap turned to the turtleneck wearing man, "Thank you so much I- I don't know what I would have done if he was lost-"

The man just shook his head, "Don't worry about it, I'm Sam." He held out his hand to shake, Sapnap took it, "Sapnap."

When George and Dream got there Tubbo got two bone-crushing hugs, Dream pulling Sam into it as well, Sam chuckling softly as they hugged. They were so happy to have their child back again.

"If you ever need help or anything, like babysitting or just help in general, I'm here." Sam vowed, the three parents nodded as a thanks. Sam grew to be the three's close friend after that.

Tubbo: [gets lost]

Sam: Free child

## **A/N: Discord!!**

### Chapter Summary

<https://discord.gg/8EeKNuFTnR>

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I made The discord server! The link is in both the chapter summary and the end notes!! <3

### Chapter End Notes

<https://discord.gg/8EeKNuFTnR>

# Roadtrip: Wilbur Edition

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur takes Tommy and Tubbo out on a ride.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Wilbur? Wilbur. Wiiiibuuur! Wilby? Wilby! *Wilburwilburwliburwilb-*"

Wilbur groaned loudly, tearing his phone away from his sight and glaring harshly at his youngest brother. "What do you *want* you gremlin?" He snapped.

Tommy just grinned at him, "Are you still goin' drivin' later?" He gave a toothy grin, one of his top teeth missing. He held onto the door handle of Wilbur's room door, swaying back and forth on it to make the hinges squeak.

The oldest took a deep breath, calming himself down a bit, "Why are you asking?" He spoke through clenched teeth.

"I wanna come!" Tommy exclaimed, hopping off the door and trying his best to climb onto Wilbur's elevated bed. Wilbur silently helped him up before sighing, "We're gonna be driving for a while, are you sure you wanna come?"

Tommy nodded vigorously, "Yes! Can I go? *Pleeeaaase?*" He grabbed onto Wilbur's shoulders and shook them with all the might he could, despite this, Wilbur barely moved.

The latter groaned, "Look, in all honesty, I don't wanna deal with you complaining in a car for three hours." He pulled Tommy's hands off his shoulders.

Tommy pouted, "What if I bring Tubbo? Tubbo doesn't complain!"

"But *you* do. Plus, Tubbo's dads probably won't let me steal their kid for hours. We'll be gone for like, ten hours at best." Wilbur picked up his phone again, starting to unlock it.

Tommy whined, grabbing onto Wilbur's wrist, "Wilby! Please? I really wanna go! I can ask Tubbo's dads!"

The older gave an amused chuckle, "And how are you gonna do that when he lives two blocks away? Stop looking at me like that, I'm not walking or driving you to his house."

Tommy pouted angrily before giving Wilbur puppy eyes, "*Please?*"

"This isn't working, you know." Wilbur just looked back at his phone. Tommy groaned loudly before an idea popped into his head.

He crossed his arms, "If you don't take me I'm telling dad you snuck out with that blue sweater guy a few days ago."



Wilbur froze, looking over slowly at Tommy, wondering how he had seen him, "You wouldn't dare."

Tommy grinned mischievously, leaning back to look into Wilbur's eyes. Wilbur groaned, "You *would*."

Wilbur rolled up to a familiar light grey house, Tommy was in the back seat, the latter quickly unbuckling himself and pulling on the door. Thank god Wilbur had enabled child lock before they left.

The teen opened the back door for his brother, Tommy toppling out onto the pavement. He got up like he didn't just trip on air and grabbed onto Wilbur's hand, his mouth moving quickly but Wilbur just stopped listening to him.

They walked up to the house, ringing the doorbell. Soon after they did the door opened. Wilbur went to look up to talk to someone, but when he saw no one he looked confused. Until the door opened a bit more and showed a small person behind it.

"Tubbo!" Tommy yelled, running forwards. The door suddenly got pushed as wide as it could, revealing Tubbo's excited face before he got tackled by Tommy.

Wilbur pulled Tommy off Tubbo, helping the older boy off the floor, "Alright, alright. Is your parents home?" He asked the brunette.

Tubbo nodded, "Dada's home! Dada!! Tommy's here!!" The little boy ran to one of the back rooms, loudly talking to one of his fathers. The teen got dragged into the house by Tommy, sighing as Tommy began to blabber again.

"Go ask his dad if Tubbo can come, remember it's like a twelve-hour trip, go on." Wilbur pushed Tommy in the direction of the voices, Tommy enthusiastically ran after Tubbo's voice.

Inside the room, he met a tired-looking Dream, though he had a fond smile on his face as Tubbo talked about how excited he was that Tommy was here. "Mr. Tubbo's Dada! Can me and Wilby take Bee with us? We're goin' drivin'!"

Dream hummed, "How old is this Wilby?" He asked.

"Soo old! He's like Daddy but taller!" He shot his hand up, standing on his toes to emphasize how tall Wilbur was. Dream laughed, "Alright, let me get his shoes, don't be gone for too long, okay?"

Tommy nodded, grabbing Tubbo's arm, "Okay Mr. Tubbo's Dada!" He took Tubbo to his room with an excited giggle, Dream following after them.

"You should wear your Froggie boots, there might be muddy puddles there!" The blond boy suggested, Tubbo nodding, grabbing his boots and handing them to Dream.

Once his boots were on he picked up his big bee plushie, though it wasn't Tomo, Tomo was smaller. "I don't wanna get Tomo all dirty." Was his reasoning.

Tommy nodded like it was the greatest decision ever, grabbing onto Tubbo's hand and pulling him out into the living room, "Bye Mr. Tubbo's Dada!"

"Bye Tommy. Have fun!" Dream called from the room. Wilbur looked up from the couch and

sighed, fixing his beanie and standing up, "Alright, let's go."

They all headed out to Wilbur's old car, the teen buckling in the two children in the backseat. The two six-year-olds chatted loudly to one another, excitement shined in their eyes.

Wilbur climbed into the driver's seat and turned on the car, "Alright. You boys ready?" Loud screeches from the children sounded behind him, making him wince slightly, "Ooookay." And they were off.

The trio made their way onto the highway, Tommy getting a kick out of seeing the cars pass them out the window. *"Wilby! They're passing us!! Wilby I think he's tryna race us maybe!"*

A few minutes later, Wilbur switched on music for them, it was mostly just background noise until a good song one of them liked came on. Who knew two six-year-olds knew the entirety of Toxic?

After two rounds of carpool karaoke, Tubbo had fallen asleep on Tommy's shoulder. Tommy, although used to this, was also tired, and didn't enjoy the fact that someone was touching him.

"Wilby, Bee's drooling on me!"

"I can see that. Unfortunately, I can't do anything about that right now, so you're gonna have to suck it up."

"It's all wet and sticky!"

"I bet."

*"Wilbyyyy!!!"*

After what felt like forever, Wilbur finally pulled into an abandoned parking lot next to what looked like a forest. Both Tubbo and Tommy were asleep, having fallen asleep an hour earlier. He unlocked the doors and made his way in the back, shaking awake the two children.

Once Tommy's eyes were open he excitedly helped shake Tubbo awake, the older boy rubbing at his eyes tiredly. When he remembered where he was though, all tiredness seemed to disappear, and he jumped out with Tommy.

"Wilby, where are we?" Tommy asked as his brother took both their hands, leading them to the forest. Wilbur hummed, "Do you remember that time when I said I needed some time alone, and left the house?"

Tommy nodded, telling Wilbur to continue, "Well, this is where I ended up. There's something special behind these trees, Toms."

Tommy and Tubbo gaped at each other in wonder, Tubbo looking up at Wilbur, "Like magic fairies?"

Wilbur chuckled, guiding them under the low hanging branches, "Not quite."

Past the trees was a small tranquil pond, the edges overgrown with algae and tree leaves. A small wooden structure stood over the water, peering out above to see the fish that swam there. A thin stream ran from the pond to the thicker parts of the forest.

Tommy and Tubbo gaped at the scenery, running up to the wooden structure and standing on it, almost tall enough to look over the railing without going on their tippy toes. Wilbur chuckled from behind them, "You like it?"

The two boys nodded their heads, Tubbo pointing over the rail, "Tommy, look!" He pointed to a big rock by the side of the pond. On the rock was a red newt, it seemed to be sunbathing.

Tommy gasped loudly, "I want it." He said immediately, turning to his brother, "Wilby look, it's a slimy thing!"

Wilbur chuckled, "That's a newt, and it's not slimy."

"How do you know? Can we touch it?" Tubbo asked.

"No, at least not with gloves. It hurts them if you touch them." He informed the two children.

Tommy awed in disappointment, "I wanna touch the newt!" Wilbur shook his head.

"Can we at least keep it? *Pleeeaaase*?" Tommy started, Tubbo joining him at the end.

Wilbur sighed, "Alright, let's go see if I have any containers in the car, if it's gone when we come back oh well."

Tommy and Tubbo cheered, racing back to the car to search for a place to keep the newt. After a few minutes of searching, Tommy pulled out a mason jar with an excited shout.

Wilbur took the jar from him and they went back to the pond. Thankfully, the newt was still there, Wilbur filled the jar halfway with water before carefully leading the newt inside.

When he was finished Tommy took the jar from him, holding it up in front of his eyes, "I love him. I'm gonna name him Technoblade."

Wilbur laughed, "You can't name him after Techno."

"Yes I can, watch me! This is Technoblade the Newt and he is my best friend." Tommy huffed, though he paused and spoke again, "He is my second best friend."

Tubbo smiled at that before lifting his hands out, "Can I hold Technoblade the Newt?"

"Yeah, but you gotta be careful he's fra-gile." He sounded out, handing over the jar with the newt. Tubbo awed at the bright red color of Technoblade's skin.

"He's really pretty." He commented, handing the jar back to Tommy.

"Yeah! Wilby we gotta stop at a pet thingy before we go home to get a home for Technoblade." Tommy urged. Wilbur sighed, talking out his phone to make a list of items to get. He wasn't sure how his dad would react, but he's sure he'll let Tommy keep the amphibian.

By the time they were all finished, playing a game of hide and seek and tossing pebbles into the pond to see who could make a bigger splash, they were on their way to a nearby pet store.

When they reached said pet store, Tommy wanted the best tank and habitat for his newt, pointing out things he thinks Technoblade would like. Sadly, most of it they had to put back as it was too dangerous for the newt, but they did get a big tank for him.

They finished up getting the essentials and food for Technoblade and they were back on the road.

"Wilby, Technoblade is thirsty."

"Tommy he's literally in a jar of water."

After two hours of driving, they made it back home safe and sound. Both Tommy and Tubbo were asleep, Tommy holding Technoblade in his arms loosely as they rolled up to Tubbo's house.

Wilbur got out, carefully picking up Tubbo from the backseat and going up to the door, ringing the doorbell. George had answered the door, sighing in relief when seeing Tubbo safe and asleep.

"Was your trip fun?" George asked, taking Tubbo from him. Tubbo leaned into George's chest, his bee plushie hanging loosely from over his shoulder.

"You have no idea." Wilbur answered, giving George a salute goodbye as he walked back to his car.

When he made it back home he unbuckled Tommy first, setting Technoblade aside to put him to bed. He then came back to the car, grabbing the jar and the tank full of essentials. He locked his car and started the trek into the house and to Tommy's room without anyone noticing.

That plan immediately fell apart as the real Techno walked down the stairs as he came in, "What the hell."

Wilbur paused before huffing, "Long story short, I took Tommy out and he found a newt and named it Technoblade and now we have a habitat for him. Help me set it up."

Techno blinked at Wilbur before promptly moving back upstairs. They ended up working on Technoblade the Newt's habitat for an hour, when they finally got him inside he splashed Techno in the face.

Wilbur took a picture of Techno's disgusted face, Phil's gonna love that one.

## Chapter End Notes

Technoblade the Newt: [splashes Techno] I am the better Blade.

# AweSam-Babysitter

## Chapter Summary

Dream calls Sam up to babysit Tommy and Tubbo after the last babysitter quit.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been a stressful Thursday, to say the least. When school was over, Dream had an appointed babysitter watch Tommy and Tubbo after he had dropped them off at his house, since he had to be out of the house for a job interview.

Everyone else he had thought of was busy; George was at work, Sapnap was at college, Phil was also at work, Wilbur was at a friend's house, and Techno was working in afterschool programs. After about an hour into the interview, he got a call from the babysitter, he excused himself as he answered.

Her stressed voice was apparent when he picked up, *"Sir I'm sorry but could you please get to the house as soon as possible? Your children are getting out of ha- Tommy- No, put that down- Tubbo get down from on top of the fridge-"*

The call cut off abruptly. He sighed heavily, standing up from where he sat. He turned to the interviewer, "I'm sorry, there's an emergency with my kid," He spoke, gathering his things, "Can we reschedule this for a later date?"

The interviewer nodded, "Sure. Tomorrow around 3 p.m. works for us." Dream gave a strained smile as he left, apologizing once again.

He went back to his car, hurrying home. When he got there the house was very messy; clothes, food, toys, and what looked to be glitter were everywhere. "Dada!!" A voice called from down the hall, he smiled as Tubbo came running at him, hugging him tightly with Tommy not too far behind.

He sighed as the babysitter walked out in front of him, covered head to toe in glitter glue. "I'm so sorry about this. I'll- I'll pay you extra-"

The babysitter stopped him mid-sentence, she inhaled deeply as she began, "I have never met such chaotic and disobedient children in my *life*. I *quit*."

She started to walk out of the house, Dream looked defeated. He looked down at the children hugging his torso, "What did you do to that poor woman?"

"She threatened to put us in the bad boys' box!!" Tommy yelled, sticking out his tongue, "And! And! And she said she was gonna give us hot sauce as punishment!!"

Dream winced, leading them to the couch, "You know what, good call." Tubbo and Tommy sat patiently on the couch while Dream looked for the remote, it seemed like the disastrous play they had put on was more so just to get the babysitter to leave.

He put on a show for them to watch as he cleaned up the mess they had made, humming along to some of the songs the show had played. When he finished both children were still engrossed in the show. He slipped off into his bedroom, calling Sapnap.

It rang about four times before Sapnap picked up, *"Dream, I'm in class-"*

Dream cut him off, "I know, but I had to leave the interview early, the babysitter quit."

*"What?! Why?"*

"She said they were, quote-unquote; 'The most chaotic and disobedient children she had ever met in her life'. According to Tommy though she was a real bitch and tried to discipline them with hot sauce."

*"Holy shit. Who does that-"*

"I have no clue," Dream sighed, "But now we have no babysitter and we need one for tomorrow."

*"Hm... I think I have someone in mind. Do you remember Sam?"*

"The guy we met at the grocery store?" Dream asked, confused.

*"Yeah! He said he'd be down for anything, and he specifically said even babysitting. Why not give him a call? I think I still have his number- Oh, shit- I'll text it to you after class, okay? I gotta go, love youuuu!!"*

Dream chuckled softly, mumbling in retaliation as Sapnap hung up. He walked back into the living room, smiling as Tubbo and Tommy laughed and clapped along with their show.

It was Friday, Dream was on his way from picking up Tubbo and Tommy from school once more, both upset they had to be watched by some babysitter, and not someone they knew.

"Why can't we just go with you?" Tubbo whined, Dream shook his head, "Because where I'm going is very important, Tubs."

Tubbo just huffed, crossing his arms with a big pout. Once they reached home he dragged his feet as he was pulled inside. "Dadaaa!" He called, he pulled out the puppy eyes, "Don't leave us! Please?" He sniffled.

Dream just smiled, booping his nose, "I know what you're trying to do, it's not working."

Tubbo's face immediately relaxed, "Worth a try." He shrugged, going off to his room with Tommy. Dream shook his head, pulling out his phone and texting Sam, asking when he would get here.

*"I should be there in a few minutes"* was his response.

Sure enough, a couple of minutes later the green-haired man's car pulled up into the driveway. Once he got to the door Dream opened it for him, shaking his hand and telling him the rundown about watching the two tornadoes that were Tommy and Tubbo.

Sam had a bag tucked to his side, his hand over it as he spoke, "Where's the kids?" He asked.

Dream pointed off into the hall, "Tubbo's room. Door all the way down to the left, the bathroom is straight ahead." He then pointed to the kitchen, "There's food and stuff in the fridge if you get

hungry, thanks for agreeing to watch them."

"No problem, man. I love kids." He smiled as Dream waved goodbye, leaving the house. Sam turned to the hall, walking to Tubbo's room and opening the door slightly, "Knock knock?"

Tubbo looked up from where he was playing, gasping and jumping up to hug the babysitter, "Sam!!"

The man laughed, patting Tubbo's back, "Hey buddy, how are you doing? Still getting lost in grocery stores?" He teased, getting down on a knee to match Tubbo's eye level.

Tubbo blew a raspberry, "Nooo, not anymore!" He went to say something else but Tommy grabbed him, pulling him away from Sam.

Tommy looked at Sam with distaste, eyebrows knit in a deep scowl. "Mine. Go away." He hissed, glaring at Sam.

Though, he just chuckled, standing up, "Alright. I got the memo." He sat on Tubbo's bed, pulling out a Nintendo Switch from his bag and turning it on.

Tommy's closed-off demeanor immediately dissipates, scrambling over to get a look at the switch, Tubbo following him. Tommy climbed up on the bed, looking at the switch from Sam's shoulder, "What's that?"

Sam looked at him with an amused look, "I thought you told me to go away?"

The child huffed, "Yeah, but you got games. What's that." He echoes, pointing at the switch.

Sam holds it up so they can all see the screen, "It's a Nintendo Switch, you can have a lot of games on it. Like this one," He opens Animal Crossing; New Horizons.

The screen changes to gameplay, "*Welcome back, Awesamdude!*"

"Who's Awe-sam-dude?" Tubbo sounded out the username. Sam chuckled, "That's me, I just named my character that. I just got this game a couple of days ago, so far I just got to the character customization."

"Can you teach us how to play?" Tommy asked, Sam smiled at how intrigued he was about the game, "Sure, Tommy."

They played for a couple of hours, until Sam paused the game, causing both Tommy and Tubbo to groan. "Sorry boys," Sam began, "I think it's snack time, huh? Your dads should be home in a bit as well, Tubbo."

"Saaaam!! Sam. Sam Nook. My man. Play a little more. Pleaseeeee?" Tommy begged, shaking his arm.

Sam laughed, "Sam Nook?" He questioned. Tommy nodded, "Yeah! You're like that raccoon guy with the flower shirt and he goes *"do this, do that"* so you're like, Sam Nook!"

The adult shook his head a bit, "Alright, I accept my title as Sam Nook." He stood, "Okay boys, Sam Nook says it's time for food!"

The children cheered, running out and chanting "Sam Nook", Sam just smiled as he followed.

A couple of minutes after he had given them snacks and set them in front of the TV, his phone dinged from a text, he picked it up and read the text, it was from Dream.

*"Pulling up with Sapnap now"*

Just as he read that, the sound of a car pulling into the driveway reached his ears. The children seemed to hear it too, as they jumped up, running to the door to meet the adults.

"Daddies!!" Tubbo shouted clinging onto his dads, Tommy hugged Sapnap's leg, looking up at him with a grin, "We like this babysitter, can we keep him?"

Sapnap ruffled his hair with a laugh, "If he wants to, he can be your babysitter for a bit, but he has to go home at some point, y'know."

The two children whined, running back to Sam and hugging him. Sam stumbled as they attached to his torso, chuckling a bit as he caught himself, "Boys, I really do have to go home in a bit. I'll be back before you know it, I promise."

"Don't leave us Sam Nook! Who's gonna tell us to build houses and spend our Nook Miles?!" Tommy cried, Dream and Sapnap shared a confused look.

Sam got down to their height, looking at Tommy and Tubbo's teary faces, "Sam Nook will always be here, even when I'm not here. You always got him in your heart and in your head, alright?" He ruffled their hair, giving them one last hug.

Tommy sniffled, "Bye, Sammy." He mumbled.

Sam smiled, "Bye Toms, I'll be back before you know it." He let go of them, standing. He gave Sapnap and Dream handshakes, "Just call when you want me over, alright?"

Sapnap nodded, "Yeah- Sure dude, have a nice day."

"You as well!" Sam climbed into his car, waving goodbye to the sad faces of the children in the window.

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy and Tubbo: Sam, do the thing

Sam: [animal crossing noises]

Tommy and Tubbo: **YEAAAAAH!!!**



# J Stands for Jealousy

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo meets a new friend, Tommy doesn't take this lightly.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo was at school, it was the third week of second grade! Though, his assigned seat was kinda far from Tommy's, a whole two seats away! He didn't understand why Tommy had to sit so far away, there was an empty seat right behind him!

But alas, he sat in class, he was feeling a bit bored, as school was sometimes. The clock was a bit too loud, the chairs screeched too much, and the air felt thinner than usual with the classmates he had come accustomed to but not quite friendly with.

He doodled a bit on a piece of throwaway paper, head in his hand, elbow on his desk. He doodled nothing in particular, letting his brain drag the pencil and make random shapes instead of listening to the teacher speak.

But, something the teacher said caught his attention, he looked up at her with curiosity as she spoke, "-will have a new student! Now, come on, class- Why don't we be nice and welcome him? He should be just behind the door."

Tubbo perked up at that, a new friend! When the teacher opened the door the class gasped, he was two different colors! Tubbo caught a glimpse of two different hair colors, and two different skin colors.

The new kid quickly hid behind the door, his black and white hair the only thing visible. The teacher cooed slightly, leaning down to talk to him behind the door. After a bit of talking, she coaxed him out from his hiding spot.

He shuffled to the front of the room, looking down at his shoes. Now that Tubbo and everyone could see him better, it looked like his hair was split in half, the right side white and the left side black. He also had lighter patches of skin that littered his face, arms, and hands.

"Class," The teacher started, a hand on the new kid's shoulder, "This is Ranboo. Everyone say, 'Hi Ranboo!'" The class echoed the teacher, Tubbo doing so with a smile. He liked how Ranboo looked. He looked cool.

"Good, good! Ranboo, would you like to introduce yourself further?" Ranboo flinched slightly at that, shrugging softly. He looked up slightly, nervous at how many eyes were on him.

He cleared his throat, "Um. I'm Ranboo Beloved. Uh... I'm seven. I- My favorite color is purple and um- I have poliosis and vitiligo, which is um. It makes my hair and skin lighter in some places."

The class made an intruded noise at that. "Alright!" The teacher clapped, "We will go around with individual introductions a bit later, for now, though, why don't you sit... behind Tubbo! The boy in

the light blue, Tubbo, raise your hand!"

He enthusiastically shot his hand up, grinning as Ranboo quickly made his way over. The teacher began to speak once more but Tubbo had tuned her out, spinning around to be face to face with the new kid.

"Hi! I'm Tubbo, you look really cool!" He spoke. Ranboo seemed to sink into his seat slightly, "I-Um, thank you. I like your- um, bee sticker." He pointed to Tubbo's shirt, a bee sticker that read *"Have a Buzzy day!"*

Tubbo bounced in his seat, "Thanks! My dads gave it to me, do you have dads? I have three!" The words rolled out his mouth at lightning speed, Ranboo was barely given any time to answer.

"Um- No? I have uh, I don't have a dad. Or a mom. I live with my big sister-"

Tubbo cut him off, "Whoa! You have siblings? I don't- I'm adopted, but I like it that way anyway! I have a best friend though, his name's Tommy- He sits right there! Tommy!!"

He yelled out for his blond friend before the teacher cleared her throat, "Inside voices, Tubbo!"

He apologized before turning back to Ranboo, "I'll introduce you to him later- At lunch! You can sit with us!"

Ranboo smiled softly, nodding, "Okay."

"Tommy!!" Tubbo ushered Ranboo over to where he and Tommy usually sat. Tommy looked confused, lowering his fork back down. "Tubs, what- Who- What is he doing where we sit?"

Ranboo seemed to sink into himself, Tubbo quickly speaking before Ranboo decided he didn't want to sit with him anymore, "This is Ranboo! The new kid, he's our friend now! And I said he can sit with us."

Tommy's eyes narrowed at Ranboo, he scooted a bit in his seat, "... Okay. We're still gonna hang out at your house later though, right, *best friend?*" *He asked, emphasizing his words.*

*Ranboo gulped as the blond made eye contact. Tubbo, oblivious to this, nodded, "Yeah! Ran, come sit!"*

*He didn't catch the looks Tommy had thrown Ranboo's way all day.*

*"-and Ranboo folded the paper so nicely, and made a bird! I wish he could teach me how to do that, it was really cool! Right, Tommy?" Tubbo turned to his friend.*

*Tommy had a scowl on his face, chin in hand as he looked out the window of the moving car, watching the trees blur together. "Sure." He spat, turning away from the boy in blue.*

*"Tommy," Phil said from the driver's seat, "You doing alright buddy? You've been awfully quiet."*

*"Mmm. I don't think I wanna go over Tubbo's house today." He mumbled.*

*Tubbo groaned at that, "Whaaat? But- You said we could today!"*

*"Well, I don't want to anymore!" Tommy snapped, turning towards Tubbo. The latter looked surprised at Tommy's outburst, looking hurt.*

*Though, Tommy just turned away once more. The ride was unbearably silent the rest of the way home.*

## Chapter End Notes

Ranboo: H-

Tommy: I hope all your hopes and dreams crash and burn and you never feel the feeling of accomplishing anything ever in your life.

Ranboo: **Oh okay-**

# You're Insecure, You're Insecure

## Chapter Summary

Tommy wonders if he and Tubbo are still friends.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy sat curled up on his bed, his brown teddy bear in his lap. The teddy bear stared at him, one of its eyes slightly popped, and its fur almost completely flattened from how much he hugged it. He stared at the plush in frustration.

"You get me, Toob. Why would Tubbo just leave me? Is it because I'm too clingy?" He frowned when the teddy bear stayed silent, shaking the bear, "Answer me, bitch."

He threw Toob across the room, curling up more on himself. He sat there for about ten seconds before getting up and retrieving Toob from where it landed, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have thrown you. Just because I'm upset doesn't mean I should take it out on you."

He hugged the bear, burying his face in its fur. He shuffled back to his spot, sniffing a bit as he spoke to his stuffed animal, "Am I ugly? Is that why Tubbo doesn't wanna play with me anymore?"

The door creaked open, Tommy quickly wiping away his tears and turning away from the door, "Knock, bitch." He grumbled.

"Toms, you've been in your room all day. Don't you wanna come downstairs and get something to eat or something?" A voice he recognized as Wilbur spoke.

Tommy shook his head, "No. Leave me alone."

"You sure? Dad made chocolate chip pancakes~!" Wilbur teased. But still, Tommy shook his head, "I said no. Leave, bitch!"

Wilbur blinked at that, Tommy would never pass up his favorite breakfast. "Oh, uh-" He stumbled to find something to say, not prepared for this outcome, "I'll save a plate for you, alright? Love you, Toms."

He didn't get a response, just closing the door. He sighed, going down the stairs to the two waiting figures in the living room.

"Anything?" Phil asked, Wilbur shook his head, "Nope, he's just facing the wall holding his bear. I even said you made chocolate chip pancakes, but he didn't budge."

Techno got up from his spot on the bed, "You suck at comforting, I'll go up there."

"Careful, he'd probably bite you, literally-" Wilbur warned, Techno just took that as a challenge, grabbing a soft blanket from the couch before he left.

Techno knocked on Tommy's door, "I'm comin' in." He spoke, opening the door. Inside the room Tommy sat on his bed still, facing the wall as he had his face in his teddy bear.

"I told you to go away." He muttered. Techno just sat on the bed, "Unfortunately, I do not listen. What's got you all slumpy?"

"None of your business, bitch." Tommy responded.

Techno pulled his feet onto the bed, into a criss-cross position, "Well, it becomes my business when it makes you like this. What happened?"

The youngest stayed silent for a minute, before speaking in a choked-up voice, "Does Tubbo hate me now?"

"What? Of course not," Techno faced the little boy, "Why would you think that?"

He sniffed more, "He- He found someone new and he keeps talking and talking about him and- and he sounds really cool and- and I'm not cool and- and- and *what if Tubbo doesn't want to be my best friend anymore?!'*"

Techno picked Tommy up, setting him in his lap. The child leaned into his chest, crying into his shirt. "Tommy... Calm down. I can't understand you when you're like this."

The boy continued to cry, hiccuping, shaking his head. "Here-" Techno held his hand out, "Come on, do the breathing with me okay? Pinky to pinky, breathe in."

Tommy held his pinky to Techno's, inhaling as he traced his finger up. "Now breathe out," Techno instructed. Tommy traced his pinky down, breathing out.

"Good, ring finger to ring finger now."

They repeated the breathing exercise until they had no fingers left. The little boy slumped against his brother, holding onto him with no intention of letting go. Techno gently wrapped him in the blanket he brought.

"Toms, Tubbo still loves you. I swear on it. He's just got a new friend, that doesn't mean he'll forget you." Techno spoke lightly, chin resting on Tommy's head, "You guys are more than best friends, you're like brothers."

Tommy tilted his head up to look Techno in the eyes, his eyes red and tearful, "You promise?"

Techno nodded, setting his forehead on Tommy's, "I promise."

## Chapter End Notes

Bedrock bros supremacy

# The Halloween Special

## Chapter Summary

Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo go trick-or-treating.

## Chapter Notes

HEY BESTIES I just got finished trick-or-treating so I'm tired as shit so I'm sorry this is so short, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo sputtered as Sapnap was doing his face paint, "*Paaaa!!* That feels all icky!"

Sapnap chuckled at him, holding his chin still, "You said you wanted face paint, bub. Sit still for just a little longer okay-"

The eight-year-old whined, grimacing as Sapnap finished up. He stood there in his patchy green outfit, various shades scattered all over his costume. He shook around in the suit, "I'm a square."

Sapnap responded to him, packing up the face paint, "Yes, creepers are square, amazing observation."

"Why am I a creeper, Papa? I wanna be a bee!" He stomped his foot, crossing his arms.

"Tubs, you were a bee for the last three Halloweens." Sapnap joked, ruffling Tubbo's hair.

Tubbo pushed his hand away with a smile, "Yeah that's cause I like bees!"

"You also like creepers." His father hummed, turning and putting the palette in the drawer behind him.

"Yeah, but not as much as bees!!"

Sapnap laughed, guiding him out the room, "Alright, beekeeper, why don't we go meet up with Tommy and Ranboo? They should be waiting for us."

Tubbo immediately lit up at that, nodding, "Yeah, yeah! Let's go!" He grabbed Sapnap's hand, dragging him into the living room.

In the doorway stood two children, both undoubtedly Tommy and Ranboo. Tommy wore a long dark green shirt, and what looked like a moss and grass cloak hung over his head and shoulders. He held a bright red pumpkin bucket in his hands.

Ranboo wore a classic white sheet with two holes cut in it for the eyes, only his costume had a crown hot-glued onto the top. He held a dark purple pumpkin bucket, matching Tommy.

"Tubbo!" Tommy exclaimed, opening his arms, "Look Tubzo! I'm a Glare!!"

"Whoa!! I'm a creeper!!" He did a twirl to show Tommy and Ranboo. "Ranboo, what are you?"

The boy tilted his head with what he assumed was a smile, "I'm King Boo! Look, I have a crown!" He pointed to the crown on his head excitedly.

"You all look amazing," Dream smiled, handing Tubbo a dark green pumpkin bucket, "Now, we're in charge of supervising this year, since Phil did it last year, *and* it's Ranboo's first Halloween with us, why don't we have some fun?"

All three children cheered, running out the door chanting "*This is Halloween! This is Halloween!*"

~

"Kids, what do you say?"

"Thank you!"

The ghost, creeper, and glare laughed as they ran back to Dream, Sapnap, and George. "Alright boys, I think that's enough trick-or-treating for today, all your buckets are full."

The boys groaned before each holding one of the adult's hands. Tubbo, who was holding George's hand, began to ramble about all the candy he got, happily skipping with George's steps.

"This was so fun with Ranboo! We should do this every time!!" Tubbo exclaimed.

"We will Tubs," Dream said, "Next year we'll do the same thing. And the next year, and the year after that."

"Yay!!" Tubbo shouted, "Best Halloween ever!!"

## Chapter End Notes

Dream: What do you say?

Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo: Happy Birthday?

Dream: *No-*

# Hey Sister, How Does Your Hair Grow?

## Chapter Summary

Tommy apologizes to Tubbo and Ranboo, they become a close trio with the help of Ranboo's sister.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy sat nervously in the cafeteria before school started, waiting for Tubbo to walk in and sit with him. He fiddled with a smooth shiny rock, planning to give it to his best friend as an apology.

He was going to also give him a candy bracelet, but one of the birds outside snatched a piece of it away before he could put it away safely, leaving it torn in half to rot at the bottom of his backpack. His head snapped up at the sound of the cafeteria doors opening, frowning slightly when it was just a random person.

His face immediately lit up when Tubbo walked in behind them, he went to get up before freezing, Ranboo was with him. And they were talking and laughing. Tommy hesitantly sat back down, looking down in his lap once more and fumbling with the rock.

He wondered if his best friend would even notice him if he kept quiet, if he would walk past him like they were strangers. Despite his worries, though, Tubbo easily picked him out from the crowd, quickly tugging Ranboo to the table.

"Hi, Tommy!" He cheerfully spoke. Tommy's cheeks reddened in embarrassment, how could he think Tubbo wouldn't notice him, they're best friends after all.

Tommy waved, "Hi-" He took a deep breath when they sat down, shoving the rock into Tubbo's hands as he looked away, "I'm sorry."

Tubbo gasped at the sudden movement, but awed at the pretty rock that was handed to him. He looked up in confusion, "Sorry? For what, bossman?"

Tommy fumbled with his fingers, "I was mean to you... and I was mean to you too," He looked at Ranboo, the other surprised at that, "I'm sorry. I was jus' a big jealous jerk."

Tubbo just smiled, "It's okay Tommy! We forgive you. Right, Ranboo?" He turned to the taller boy, Ranboo nodding. "Yeah, um, it's okay. I understand."

"Does this mean we're friends again...?" Tommy asked, Tubbo's grin widened, "Bossman! We were never not friends!!" He got up from his seat, going around the table to hug Tommy, "You're my bestest friend in the whole world, nothing can get in between that!"

Tommy smiled at that, hugging Tubbo back. He lifted his head to look at Ranboo, "Are you just gonna sit there and not join? Get in here, you bitch!"

Ranboo scrambled up at that, quickly joining in on the group hug. Soon, the starting bell rang, all three children got up and walked to class, talking and laughing together.



It was dismissal, Ranboo walked closely behind Tommy and Tubbo, who talked loudly at him, him responding with nods. Both boys were dragging him to who was picking them up today, insisting on him coming over.

He nervously laughed, pulling them back a bit, "I uh- I have to ask my sister-"

Tommy huffed, turning back to look at him, "Well? Where is she? Let's go ask."

Ranboo pointed to a pink-haired girl at the far side of the yard, just outside where the gate opened. She was looking around for Ranboo, a small frown on her face.

Tommy laughed slightly, "She looks like my brother Techno! She's gonna love me, watch, come on!" He began to drag the two over.

His sister sighed when they were in sight, smiling at them, "Hello! Ranboo, are these your friends?"

The boy nodded, smiling back at her, "Yeah, this is Tommy and Tubbo." The other two waved at her.

"Hello you two, I'm Niki." She bent down to their height. "Did you want to tell me something?"

Tubbo nodded, "Yeah! Can Ranboo come over to our house? *Please?* My dad's over there!" He asked before pointing to Dream, who was watching them with an amused look.

Niki looked over, humming, "Alright, but I'll have to ask him as well. Would you like that, Boo?"

Ranboo nodded, "Yes please." Niki ruffled his hair, following them as they brought her to Dream.

"You look like my brother by the way, Niki. I like you. We're friends now."

"Okay Tommy, I don't mind that."

## Chapter End Notes

Niki: [has pink hair]

Tommy: I diagnose you with my friend. It is incurable.

# Hit The Books, Kid

## Chapter Summary

Techno drags Wilbur to the library, Wilbur hates it, until he meets someone new.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Techno dragged Wilbur through the heavy library doors, the older of the two groaning the entire time, “*Techno*, why did you have to bring me instead of literally any of your school friends?”

“Firstly, bold of you to assume I have friends, and secondly, you’re the only one I know who would drive me to the library at 7 P.M. on a Saturday.” Techno spoke blankly, “Stop whinin’ you’re ruining the peace and quiet.”

Wilbur continued to murmur, standing slightly behind Techno as his little brother began to look through book spines in the historical category for something to peak his interest. “Bur, could you look for a good book with me please? I want books on-”

“Greek mythology and weapons, yeah yeah I know, you nerd.” Wilbur waved him off, heading towards the nonfiction books. A deep frown settled on his face, grumbling about having to do boring tasks like looking for boring books in a boring library.

He made it to the section, skimming through book spines like Techno was, albeit slower. He contorted his face distastefully, not enjoying any of the books in front of him. How was he supposed to know which ones Techno had liked, or possibly already read?

As he was looking for books he unfortunately wasn’t paying attention to anything else, more focused on getting the books to leave, and collided with someone, the person’s stack of books and papers falling to the floor. Wilbur immediately began to pick them up, “I am so sorry-”

The person dropped next to him, picking up skewed papers, “It’s okay, sorry I bumped into you I should have looked where I was going-” They laughed.

Wilbur shook his head, standing up and holding a hand out, “Don’t worry about- it...” His words trailed off as they locked eyes with each other.

This person was *easily* the prettiest person he'd ever seen. She had big curly ginger hair, a couple of white strands weaved in, she wore a light brown turtleneck and a black skirt, a fish necklace hanging loosely from her neck.

She pushed some hair out of her face, taking Wilbur’s hand with a smile, “Thank you for helping, I’m Sally.”

“Yeah- Yeah no problem,” Wilbur looked away as he let go of her hand, “Uh- I’m Wilbur.”

Sally smiled, “It’s nice to meet you, Wilbur! Uh, can I have my books back please?”

His face reddened when he realized he was still holding the books, quickly holding them out for

her. He caught a glimpse of one of the titles, “So, you like fish?”

She immediately lit up at that, “I do! All sorts of fish, I’m studying to become a marine biologist!”

And at that moment, Wilbur’s brain decided to do something incredibly stupid, and will 100% bite him in the ass later.

“Oh, uh- Me too!”

Wilbur had never felt more like curling into a ball and disappearing into thin air than he did now.

She raised an eyebrow at that with a smile, “Really? You don’t look a day over sixteen. Besides, you know, the height.” She chuckled.

Wilbur shook his head, “Nah, I’m eighteen, I haven’t started university yet but that’s what I’m planning to do.” He lied, hoping she bought it.

Luckily, she did. She gasped, “Oh! Maybe we can study together then! When you get into it, of course. I go to the college just down the street from here.” She grinned.

Wilbur nodded, “Yeah, definitely! I will absolutely look into it.”

“Great! We can talk all about it then, are you coming back here any time soon?” She asked.

Wilbur shrugged, “I don’t know, I just drove my brother over cause he wanted more books.”

Sally awed, “That’s so cute! How old is he?” She cooed.

Wilbur coughed, looking away, “Uh- Sixteen-”

“Oh-” Sally laughed, doubling over a bit, “I’m so sorry- I just have a really young little brother that loves to read, I thought you did too-”

“No no it’s totally fine-” Wilbur joined in on her laughter, “He really likes to read as well.”

Sally stood up straight, recovering from her laughing fit, “Right, right. Speaking of little brothers, I should check out and go now, being an adult is hard.” She joked.

“Tell me about it,” Wilbur added, fishing his phone from his pocket nervously, “Text me? About you know- The books and stuff-”

She chuckled softly, taking the phone to put her number in, “Definitely.” She handed it back as she finished sending herself a text message.

“Bye Wilbur! I’ll text you when I get home!” She turned and took off down the aisle. Wilbur waved goodbye with a smile. Wilbur stood there in silence for approximately seven seconds before booking it back to Techno.

When Techno saw him come up empty handed he whined, “Bur, my books-”

“Techno shut up. I just made the worst decision in my life.” Wilbur covered his face in agony.

The younger one just blinked at him, “I’m sure it’s not that bad.”

“Techno I pretended to be interested in marine biology to get a pretty girl’s number.”

“Oh it is that bad.” Techno whistled, hoisting his stack of books onto his knee, “Good luck getting out of that one.”

“*Techno* she thinks I want to be a fish guy! I don’t want to be a fish guy, I wanna be a musician!” Wilbur wallowed, his future career slipping more and more away as he imagined sitting in a dimly lit room and looking at fish. *Fish*.

Techno flicked him in the nose, “Firstly, pull your shit together you’re a grown man now. Secondly, I’m sure she’ll understand if you explain it to her.”

Wilbur whined, “But then she’d know I lied!”

“Okay hear me out, maybe don’t lie? I know it’s *so* hard to be honest-”

“Oh, fuck off- I’m leaving, you’re no help.” Wilbur turned, fishing his car keys from his pocket.

Techno quickly held his books correctly, “Don’t, asshole, I still gotta check out!”

“Hurry up then! I’ll wait in the car.” Wilbur walked out the library and climbed into the driver's seat. He let his head slam into the horn, making a loud, long beep. He definitely just dug himself into a hole, and didn’t see himself getting out of it any time soon.

## Chapter End Notes

Sally: Hey do you like this thing?

Wilbur, very much not interested in this thing: Yeah definitely!

Wilbur, to Techno: Help I don't like this thing

Techno: Lmao L

# Wake Up, The Curtains Are Open

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur wakes up early, for a multitude of reasons. And *maybe* one of them was Sally.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur and Sally texted each other for a month straight, every day Wilbur would wake up to texts from Sally telling him to rise and shine. Today though, Wilbur woke up bright and early to text her first.

*wilbur craft -  
good morning sal*

*Sally Salmon -  
AH!! Who are you and what have you done to Wilbur?! He's never up this early!*

*wilbur craft -  
lol  
nope, its me, i woke up early for you*

*Sally Salmon -  
Wow, just to say good morning first? Call that dedication*

*wilbur craft -  
yep  
im just crazy like that*

*Sally Salmon -  
Very lol*

Wilbur heard a knock at his door, he quickly sent Sally a text saying he'll be right back before getting up and opening it.

Phil stood at the door, surprised to see Wilbur up so early, "Well good morning, Wilbur. Is there something I'm missing here?"

Wilbur shook his head, "No, I don't know what you mean."

"Well," Phil started, leaning in to look at his room, "You're up before nine, which is not a Wilbur thing to do, and I saw you leave the house last night with an ironed shirt and your hair was less disheveled than it usually is."

Wilbur blushed a bit, looking away, "So what? I like to be fancy sometimes." He did *not* want his

dad to tease him about going to hang out with Sally.

Phil just smiled, "Whatever you say. Come downstairs, I'm making breakfast with Tommy."

Wilbur groaned, "Fine, okay. Give me a second." He gently pushed his dad out the way before closing his door. He dived on his bed, picking up his phone once more to text Sally about what Phil had told him.

"*Okay have fun!*" She replied, Wilbur could practically hear her voice through the text. He smiled at that, replying to her before putting down his phone and throwing on something other than pajamas.

After he got dressed he descended the stairs to meet his father and youngest brother in the kitchen. At the sight of Wilbur, Tommy threw his dirty food-covered hands in the air, "I'm gonna touch you."

"Don't you fucking dare, you gremlin." Wilbur threatened, pointing at Tommy. Tommy grinned mischievously before taking a step towards Wilbur.

"No, do not, I *just* put on a new shirt." Wilbur stepped back.

Tommy cackled, running at the older. Wilbur narrowly dodged his hands, screaming as the eight-year-old chased him, "*TOMMY NO-*"

Phil laughed from where he stood, taking a few videos of the two until Tommy eventually jumped on Wilbur.

"Dad, my shirt!" Wilbur whined, prying Tommy off of him like a piece of gum stuck to the bottom of his shoe. "I just put this on!"

"It's alright mate," Phil chuckled, "You know I will wash it."

"Yeah, but I wanted to wear it today." He grumbled, sitting at the kitchen island. Tommy went to sit next to him, his sticky hands clapping together, "It's okay Wil I'm a doctor."

"That literally doesn't correlate to what I said at all." Wilbur held Tommy's hands out of his face. Phil laughed, continuing to mix the batter in a bowl.

"Dad, what are you making?" Wilbur asked, leaning to get a better look.

"Waffles."

"I hate this fucking house."

Phil laughed, turning to Wilbur, "Hey, don't say that now."

Wilbur snickered, "No, this family is in shambles."

"Ain't that the truth." Phil shook his head, turning back to the counter, "I called you down to help me cook, you know. Can you grab the waffle iron and a couple of plates?"

Wilbur nodded, "Yeah, sure." He got up and grabbed the waffle iron, placing it next to Phil. He then reached up for the plates, grabbing four and placing them on the island, he leaned down to talk to Tommy, who was washing his hands, "Tommy go wake up Techno."

Tommy nodded, turning off the faucet and climbing the stairs to Techno's room. Wilbur watched

him go with a chuckle, "How disoriented do you think Techno's gonna be today."

Phil clicked his tongue, warming up the waffle iron, "I don't know, it is a school day." Wilbur rolled his eyes at that, hearing Techno groan from upstairs.

A minute later, Tommy and Techno descended the stairs, Techno much slower, hair covering his eyes as it tangled together in a big bird's nest.

Phil whistled, "That's gonna be a pain to brush." Techno just grunted at him, sitting in between Wilbur and Tommy.

"You want waffles, mate?" Phil asked, the mop of pink hair nodded, placing his head in his arms face-first on the table. Phil just chuckled, leaning over to pat his head.

"I can drive them to school, Dad," Wilbur said. Tommy gasped at that, nodding vigorously, "Yes! Please?"

Phil hummed, "Sure, you do remember where their schools are, right? Try not to make them late."

Wilbur gasped offensively at that, "Of course I know where their schools are! How dare you, old man."

Phil laughed, "Okay, okay." He set a plate of waffles in front of Tommy, the boy immediately grabbing his fork and tearing it apart.

After breakfast and a change of clothes, Wilbur was ready to take his brothers to school. He sat in his car, beeping the horn to tell them to hurry up.

Tommy ran out of the house, one of his shoes untied as he ran up to the back seat's door, "BYE DAD LOVE YOU TOO!" He shouted, climbing into the car.

Techno took longer to come out of the house, he made sure to close the door and check the mat key to make sure it was still there.

He walked up to the front seat, staring directly at Wilbur as he climbed in, "Cut the shit, why are you awake so early and bringing us to school all of the sudden."

Wilbur sputtered, "Can I not be a good brother-"

"Is it because of that girl Sally?" Techno closed the door and locked it. Tommy seemed interested in this conversation, "Who's Sally?"

"No one-"

"Wilbur's girlfriend."

"*Techno-*"

Tommy gasped so hard the two teens were afraid he was gonna choke, he scrambled to lean into the center console, "YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?!"

"No, I don't, sit back and buckle up you gremlin!" Wilbur pushed him back into a sitting position, Tommy quickly buckled his seatbelt, sitting back against the seat, "Can we meet her?! Please? She sounds pretty!"

Wilbur sighed, "Tommy you haven't heard of her until now."

"Can you show me a picture of her? I bet she has those things mum used to have, the pretty hats and shoes!" Tommy tapped his feet together.

Wilbur began to drive, refusing to answer any of Tommy's questions. Techno smirked, satisfied with his answer.

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy: I bet she has the things mum used to have!

Wilbur and Techno: [panicked silence]



# Definitely NOT a Date

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur spends the day at Sally's house, many things occur.

Also I accidentally made Sally ND coded but I'm not complaining.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur parked in front of an unfamiliar house, sighing a bit as he stepped out, Sally offered to bring him over to her house, and he was nervous about it.

He wasn't sure what he was nervous about, it was just him, Sally, and her younger brother. He never did know how young he was, or how he looked, but he did know Sally lived with him after getting them out of their parent's house.

He rang the doorbell, taking a step back from the door. He heard a yell from inside, shuffling, and the sound of jingling gradually getting closer to the door until it opened.

Wilbur was shocked at the sight, Sally stood at the door, a little boy on her hip, no younger than two, jingling some kind of bell on a stick. He had the same kind of hair as Sally, orange with strands of white.

Sally bounced the boy, "Hi Wil!" She turned her head towards the toddler, "Wilbur, this is Fundy! Fundy, this is Wilbur!"

Fundy looked at Wilbur before waving at him, continuing to shake his bell. Wilbur waved back, "I didn't know your brother was that young."

"You'll get used to it," She joked, "Come in! Don't mind the toys on the floor." She kicked a couple of toys out the way, setting Fundy down to run off to a toy chest that was against the living room wall.

"I forgot you lived alone," Wilbur elbowed Sally slightly, "Your house is surprisingly neat for living with a toddler."

Sally chuckled slightly, "I had to scrub colored marker drawings off the wall five minutes before you arrived, luckily it was washable. I would have cried if he got into my sharpies."

"Oh yeah, big time." Wilbur leaned on the wall, "So... What are we doing today?"

Sally lit up, "Right! Okay, today I was planning on teaching you about freshwater animals, and it should be time to make Fundy something to eat when we're finished. Then we can go to the aquarium and we'll make a scavenger hunt out of it!

Then after that, we'll go out to eat, come back, put Fundy to bed, and then we can sit and watch this documentary I found until you have to go!" She bounced up and down.

Wilbur almost combusts at how cute the sight was. He smiled, nodding, “Sounds great, Sal.”

Sally nodded, “Great! I’ll go get the books!” She took off down the hall to grab supplies. Wilbur watched her go before looking down, locking eyes with Fundy, the two-year-old’s stare unwavering as he banged to block pieces together.

Wilbur sucked in a breath, “Hey kid, your name’s Fundy, right?” The little boy nodded in response, Wilbur nodding in retaliation, “Cool, cool. I’m Wilbur. What are you playing with?” He asked.

Fundy looked back at his blocks, “Blocks.” was his only response.

Wilbur hummed, sliding off the couch to sit next to Fundy, “Yeah, I see that. Do you want me to help?”

Fundy pulled his two block pieces to his chest, looking at Wilbur with an unreadable expression. A couple seconds later he turned around, scooting on his knees towards his toy box and pulling out extra blocks before handing them to Wilbur.

He pointed at them, then at Wilbur, “You, block.”

Wilbur seemed amused at that, picking them up, “These are my blocks to play with?”

Fundy nodded, sitting back down and beginning to play with his individual blocks once more, but when he saw Wilbur not playing and just holding the blocks he whined, pointing at the blocks, “Play.”

He stood on his knees again, scooting towards Wilbur and taking his hands, moving them so the blocks hit each other, “Like this.”

Wilbur decided that he liked Fundy. He chuckled softly, “Alright, I’ll play.” He gently tapped them together a bit. That seemed to satisfy Fundy, as he sat back down and began to play once more.

A bit after Wilbur and Fundy played Sally walked in, carrying stacks of books, notebooks, and her laptop balanced on top of it all. Wilbur quickly got up, helping her set them on the table.

“Wow,” He whistled, “You got all this for me? A book would have been fine.” He joked.

Sally laughed, “Of course I did, I want to teach you all I know!”

*Oh.* Wilbur could feel his face heating up, he coughed, looking away, “Yeah- I’m uh- I’m excited to learn.”

*Heart don’t fail me now.*

“Great!” Sally sat at the table, “Let’s get started!”

Sally threw open the passenger door, quickly unbuckling herself before picking up Fundy out of his car seat, chuckling a bit at how his coat and hat made him look so big, “Are you ready to go play scavenger hunt?”

Fundy nodded, holding onto Sally’s scarf. Sally held two pieces of paper in her hands, each had twelve different animals on them with checkboxes next to their names.

Wilbur slowly got out of the driver's seat, an amused look on his face as Sally went over the rules of scavenger hunt. He took a paper from her, nodding along to what she was saying.

When they were inside the aquarium, Sally put Fundy down, "Alright Fundip, do you wanna hunt with me or Wil?"

Surprisingly, the two-year-old began to walk over to Wilbur, grabbing a handful of his pants. Sally just smiled at that, "Alright! Me against you two then!"

Wilbur gave a slightly nervous smile, "Yep. We will meet back here, right?"

Sally nodded, "Yep! And if you don't see me, you have my number." She winked before taking off, shouting *"Last one to get all twelve buys dinner!"*

Wilbur quickly lifted Fundy to his hip, a determined smile on his face, "Alright, first we have Parrotfish, they should be over here-"

Soon the three met up together at the entrance once more, Wilbur groaning playfully as he saw Sally already there.

"No fair, you probably know this place inside out." He complained. Sally just laughed, shaking her head.

"Sounds like a certain someone is getting me and Fundy dinner!" She whooped, holding out a hand to Fundy, the boy immediately giving her a high five.

She noticed the boy held something in his arms they definitely didn't come here with. She stared up at Wilbur, a knowing look on her face, "Wil, did you stop at the gift shop?"

Wilbur looked away slightly, looking down at the stingray plush he had bought Fundy. "Maybe?" He sighed, "He fell in love with it the second we walked by the shop. I couldn't just say no-"

Sally just shook her head, "Alright, fine. Come on, I saw this restaurant on our way here that looks good!" She pulled the two out the aquarium doors.

The door to Sally's house slowly creaked open, Sally walking in with a sleeping Fundy in her arms, his stingray plush (lovingly named Stinky) was wrapped tightly in his arms.

Wilbur followed, smiling softly as Sally walked through the dark halls to the boy's room. He sat on the couch, turning on the tv and making sure the volume was low.

Soon Sally came back, kicking off her boots and shrugging off her jacket and scarf. She jumped over the back of the couch, crossing her legs as she grinned, "It's documentary time."

She picked up the remote and put the documentary on. "It's about freshwater animals," She informed, "Like our books, but more interesting 'cause it's being described by a man with a deep voice."

Wilbur laughed at that, nodding, "Oh, definitely." He sat a bit closer to Sally, the tv being the only source of light in the room. As the documentary hit around twenty minutes, Wilbur found himself enjoying it. Maybe it was because Sally had her head laying on his shoulder.

At the fifty-minute mark, he felt his phone buzz, he fished it out of his pocket to read what had

interrupted his totally platonic with no feelings in the air whatsoever documentary watch time.

*dadza -*

*When are you coming home m8?*

*wilba wonka -*

*in a bit, do you want me home now?*

*dadza -*

*Yessss come here my child I miss you <3*

*Its almost midnight my child*

*wilba wonka -*

*ok fine lmao giv me uhgg ten mins*

He put his phone away, turning to Sally who was looking up at him, "Who was that?"

"My dad." He sighed, chuckling softly, "He said he misses me and asked when I'm coming home."

Sally slowly got off Wilbur, "I mean, the documentary's almost over, and it's almost midnight, we can maybe finish it before it hits midnight though."

Wilbur nodded, "Alright, we'll finish it then." He quickly texted his dad about it, Phil sending him a thumbs up in return.

Sally's head found its home in the crook of Wilbur's neck once more, unpauseing the tv as she scooted closer. Wilbur couldn't help but blush.

Soon the documentary was over, and Wilbur was putting on his shoes and coat. He smiled at Sally, who was standing in front of him, arms in front of her as she fiddled with her fingernails.

"I had a lovely time with you today, Wil." She spoke, smiling softly.

"You as well, Sal." He zipped up his coat, a hand stuffed into his pocket as the other waved, phone in hand. "I'll text you when I get home, yeah?"

"You better!" Sally snickered, "Alright, I don't want you getting in trouble with your dad because of me, go on-" She pushed him out the door, Wilbur just going along with it with a grin.

"Alright, fish girl. I'll see you later." He muttered, turning to look at Sally.

"Yep. See you later," she mumbled back. They stood there for a bit, Sally's gaze flickered to Wilbur's lips before she leaned up, planting a kiss on his cheek. "Get home safe." She smiled, shutting the door.

Wilbur stood there in shock, a hand reached up to touch his cheek before his face broke out into a large grin, quickly turning and getting in his car. Sally watched him from the window, gleaming as he drove off.

And if Wilbur came home with a giant grin and a flushed face? Phil didn't say a word.

Fundy, looking at Wilbur: Father figure acquired

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